

# Sports Illustrated

MARCH 11, 1963 25 CENTS

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THE SON OF TOMORROW TODAY

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## Next week

**BASKETBALL'S HOOPLA** hits its peak at the NCAA championship, where sellout crowds create a background of bedlam for the finals. Color photographs capture all of it.

**A SHREW SEARCH** in the Cranesville swamp may not produce shrews, but Writer-Naturalist Ed Gilbert, with his keen observations, makes the two-day venture worthwhile.

**A VISITOR TO ARIZONA**, armed with colossal gall and aphony press card, wanders on to the spring training fields and discovers that baseball players are warm and human humans.



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## POINT OF FACT

An NIT basketball championship quiz  
to stimulate the memory and increase the  
knowledge of fans and coaches experts

? *What teams played in the first National Invitational Tournament in 1938 and what were the results?*

• Four eastern teams—Temple, Bradley, New York University and Long Island University—competed in the preliminary round (Temple beat Bradley, NYU defeated LIU). Oklahoma A&M and Colorado, two outstanding teams from other areas of the country, competed in the semifinals, in which Colorado beat NYU and Temple defeated the Oklahoma A&M squad. Temple won the final by beating Colorado, and the Oklahoma team took third place from NYU.

? *What college has won the most NIT championships?*

• St. John's, with three victories (1943, 1944 and 1959). St. John's is also the only college to win the tournament twice in succession, LIU (1939 and 1941) and Bradley (1957 and 1960) are the only other two-time winners.

? *What college has been runner-up in the most tournaments?*

• Dayton. It finally won the NIT last year, after losing in the final five times—to five different schools.

? *George Mikan of DePaul is one of two players who have been the NIT's high scorer two years in succession (1944 and 1945). Who is the other one?*

• Don Memcke of Dayton. He led the 1951 and 1952 tournaments, both in total points and in points made in a single game.

? *In the past 25 tournaments, the MVP award has gone to a player from the championship team 19 times. Name the six MVPs whose schools didn't win the NIT.*

• Bill Lloyd of St. John's (1939), Frank Baumhultz of Ohio (1941), Ernie Calverley of Rhode Island State (1946), Maurice Stokes of St. Francis, Pa. (1955), Win Wilfong of Memphis State (1957) and Len Wilkens of Providence (1960).

—MARY ANN GOULD





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# SCORECARD

## THE YANKS HAVE LANDED

Sooner or later some member of the British parliament will leap to his feet and demand to know why American owners are dominating English horse racing. If, as a result, there is a tremor in Anglo-American relations, blame Gregory Peck, film star and race lover.

Peck has wanted for years to win England's most glorious steeplechase, the Grand National, to be run on March 30 this year. Recently he bought, for £7,000 and sight unseen, a 10-year-old horse named Owens Sedge. At that time Owens Sedge was quoted at 33 to 1. Then he won an important warmup to the big event, Ireland's Leopardstown Chase, and immediately shot to third favorite at 12 to 1, a most comfortable position. All well and good, but it also made the English take a second look at the lists for other big races.

"This year," thundered Clive Graham in the London *Daily Express*, "American-owned horses are already named as favorites for all our classic races." He was right, too, except that, of the five flat race classics, St. Leger is so far off (Sept. 11) that betting has not yet opened on it.

The Stars and Stripes lineup is dazzling. For a magnificent start there is Crockett, owned by Danny Van Clief of Virginia. The colt was unbeaten as a 2-year-old last year. He now shares the top slot with two other colts for the English Derby.

The wife of a chemical company executive, Mrs. Evelyn Olin, owns the Epsom Oaks race favorite, Noblesse, a filly who equaled the Doncaster mile record in 1962 against a field of colts. Another woman owner, Mrs. Gertrude Widener of Maine, is behind Hula Dancer, who at 2 broke the Longchamp all-ages mile record and, if she does well in the Prix Imprudence at Maisons-Lafitte, will be sent to England for the 1,000 Guineas. Her result in that will determine whether she runs in the Oaks.

Well, after all, one of the best steeplechasers ever to run in Britain was a diminutive horse named Battleship, son

of Man o' War and owned by Mrs. Marion duPont Scott of Virginia. But why, as Clive Graham puts it, are Americans "gradually supplanting the century-old domination of the rich, hereditary peers as racehorse owners?" Graham suggests that "these new American owners are tired of the super-efficient commercialism of American race-tracks." He may be right, though a more positive approach would be to point to the infinite variety of the English tracks and the graciousness and color with which the English have invested the sport.

## THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SLOPE

This has been a disastrous year for skiing in California's Sierras, where the snow forgot to fall. Still, in a way, it's been fun. Despite absence of snow in all but the very high reaches, California resorts were jam-packed for the Washington's Birthday weekend. The new tramway at Heavenly Valley had a long waiting line for three days.

The fun wasn't so much in the skiing as in jokes about the nonskiing. Heavenly Valley's president, Chris Kurina, reported a "10,000% higher use" of the coin-operated shoeshine machine, attributed to the fact that skiers were getting their boots dirty walking around in the dust near the lodge. And a group organized Skiers Anonymous. The gag: When you feel like skiing call up Anonymous and they'll send a man over to break your leg for you.

## LIFT THE LATCH FOR SATCHEL

Satchel Paige, who has been going on 50 for the past half dozen years, still years for another crack at major league pitching—and is willing to pay his own fare to get it.

"My number's Wabash 1-2684 in Kansas City," he drawled the other day, "and if any of those big league boys want to call they can reverse the charges."

Satch used to drive jazzy, bright-hued automobiles and wear clothes to match, but his life is more subdued now. What is not subdued, he insists, is the zip in his fast ball. He pitched more than 200

innings last year for the Kansas City Monarchs, a team that plays one-nighters from coast to coast and travels in an aging bus. He expects to pitch for them again this season, without benefit of spring training, which never appealed to him. His preparation for a game, in fact, has always been limited to a few warm-up pitches.

"I'd make 'em a real deal," Satch said, still going on about the big leagues. "If I got back in the majors and wasn't helping any, I'd pay my own fare around the league. I still got my fast ball but most of all I still got the one thing the youngsters on the mound today haven't—my control."

## THE CLOSED OPEN MIND

One of the principal blockers of open tennis has been the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia. Now the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia finds itself embarrassingly impoverished, to the extent that its hat is out for a sponsor to drop in some \$22,000 so that the association may stage the 1963 Davis Cup Challenge Round in Adelaide.

"It takes big money to run big sport these days," conceded Norman Strang, association president, "and we feel it is



time to seek new methods of improving our finances."

Of course it is, since the pretense that the top amateur is the world's best no longer fools the crowds. Therefore, why not have commercial announcements between sets and if the sponsor should happen to be a brewer, say, why not trot out the Davis Cup at the end of each match, fill it to the brim with beer and have the winning player drink from it, his face registering appropriate pleasure? This would mean that the matches

*continued*



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*Walter Hagen*

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"...and the girls..."



Not all girls buzz when you use Kings Men. (Some of them are impossible to reach.) So for a man who just wants an after shave that freshens the face, relaxes taut skin, smoothes scrapes, heals nicks, kills infectious bacteria and stops razor rash dead—Kings Men is the natural choice. Splash some on your face tomorrow morning. If the girls buzz up to you, that's your problem.

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#### SCORECARD continued

would have to be played on licensed premises and during legal drinking hours, but that would be a minor obstacle since, after all, the money's the thing.

#### NOT HAVING A BALL

Winter salmon fishermen in Puget Sound are beset this year by a new frustration—an acute shortage of live bait, all caused by the seemingly whimsical disappearance of an unobtrusive sea bird, the rhinoceros auklet, known popularly as "the herring bird."

His special value to the salmon fisherman was his gift for making herring balls. A herring ball is a solid mass of thousands of minnow herring, herded into this condition by the rhinoceros auklet, herring bird or whatever you want to call him. When the birds are around they so terrorize the herring that the fish gather into a tight ball, a squirming mass that may number up into multiple thousands. The balls range from the size of a basketball to something like a good-sized dory, or larger. The herring's idea seems to be that if he can get into the middle of the mess he won't be noticed and can escape the auklet's pointed beak.

The advantage of all this to the salmon fisherman has been that he could move into a herring ball, dip a net and come up with a day's supply of bait. Now bait fishermen may cruise likely waters for hours and dip up scarcely a single herring. The herring are there, to be sure, but they don't ball. It's impossible to gather a useful quantity without the assistance of the auklet.

As to the auklet, no one knows where he has gone, or why, or whether he will ever return.

#### THE MORE IT CHANGES . . .

All but unnoticed in the welter of confusion surrounding college football's new "unlimited" substitution rule—and the limitations it puts on substitutions—is one other rules change, also subtle. The change doesn't sound like much. All it says is that on the T formation the quarterback once more will be eligible to receive a forward pass. But Buck Bradberry, offense coach at Auburn University, regards it as a significant restitution of an offensive weapon, one that harks back to other, more exciting, days in college football. Follow him closely.

"The evolution of the corner linebacker on defense and accompanying team

continued

A color photograph of three men in a tavern setting. The man on the right, wearing a red jacket, is pouring Budweiser beer from a bottle into a tall glass. The man in the center, wearing a patterned jacket, is looking at the glass. The man on the left, wearing a dark jacket, is also looking at the glass. There are other glasses of beer and a bowl of popcorn on the bar. The background shows a wooden bar and a framed picture.

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## CORVAIR MONZA

**goes around curves like a corner in town**

The '63 Corvair Monza will dig in and go through just about anything but your pocketbook, whether you're on maneuvers in the country or just making the rounds in town. It delivers more traction because the engine's in the rear (and this makes steering feel a lot lighter, too). Another nice feeling: the bumps don't get past Corvair's stable independent suspension with a husky coil spring at each wheel absorbing anything a road can throw at it.

In fact, all you ever do feel is great. Practical, too, because Corvair's air-cooled six-cylinder engine needs no water or antifreeze, and its self-adjusting brakes save you time and money. There just isn't another production car made in this country quite like Corvair. Try it at your Chevrolet dealer's just for fun. That's what we built it for! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.  **CHEVROLET** Keeps Going Great

Shown above is '63 Corvair Monza; Club Coupe. Below is the '63 Corvair Monza Convertible. Both have optional extra-cost outside rearview mirrors.



Betty Skelton (above) is internationally famous as a pilot and car driving record holder, but she still appreciates how the Corvair turns heads as readily as it handles

curves, how it runs up hills but not upkeep hills, and the way it parks so easily. Cross-town or cross-country, a Corvair Monza can brighten every corner in your day.

pursuit all but stymied the T run-pass option play. Making the quarterback eligible to catch a pass can in turn all but eliminate pursuit by the linebackers. Say a quarterback starts off tackle on an option play. He makes the end commit himself, then he pitches out to the halfback. But if the linebackers and/or sideback come up to contain the halfback he can flip a quick pass to the quarterback just across the line of scrimmage."

It was thus in the early '50s, before the NCAA eliminated the quarterback as an eligible receiver, in the days when Wallace Butts, University of Georgia coach and "pass master," made great use of the quarterback as pass receiver. In 1946 his All-America quarterback, Johnny Rauch, caught as many touchdowns passes as he threw. Now, it seems, all that may well come back.

As to the reason for reverting to the old rule, a source close to the NCAA rules committee advises:

"The committee wanted to do something to reduce the tremendous advantages certain teams have gained by use of team pursuit on defense. This 'pursuit' has added two new and too often deadly words to the football vernacular—"gang tackling." It is hoped that making the quarterback eligible to catch a pass will reduce the effectiveness of pursuit."

#### THE POWER OF POSITIVE CHEERING

America's foremost full-time cheerleader, Lawrence R. Herkimer of Dallas, took off the other day for Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, the Canal Zone and Hawaii—there to preach the Herkimer gospel of cheerleading, which is one of charity to the enemy.

"In the old days," he said before he left, "college yells were filled with overly descriptive words—like 'Let's skin 'em alive' and 'Kill 'em' and 'Bash 'em.'"

"Now we take a more positive approach. We praise the home team and suggest no mayhem at all. It isn't a good idea to make the other team mad."

At 37, Herkimer is a practical man and an agile one, practical and agile enough to have done 38 backflips during the filming of a 58-second TV commercial (for Cheer detergent, naturally). He has written four books on cheerleading, one of which sold 75,000 copies, and has conducted cheerleading clinics in 42 states, with the aid of 95 part-time instructors. He also publishes a cheerleading magazine, *The Megaphone*,

which reports on trends in school yells.

And he is frank enough to concede that cheerleading, no matter how good, never can replace football material when it comes to winning games. After all, he was Southern Methodist's cheerleader when Doak Walker and Kyle Rote were cleaning up Southwest Conference foes for the Mustangs. Fourteen years later Herkimer does not kid himself about the value of cheering in those days. He does note that the school spirit was great, as was the rapport between the cheerleaders and the student body.

"That," he admits, "was in the days when SMU's student body was larger—but so were its guards and tackles."

#### MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY CLUB

Millions of golfers believe that they are not entitled to a handicap rating because they do not belong to an accredited club. The fact is that every golfer is as entitled to such a rating as a Thoroughbred is entitled to a speed rating. Golfers can get one easily. For handicapping purposes, any group of players constitutes a "club," if need be, and a member of such a group has only to make attested application after playing rated courses.

As a consequence of widespread ignorance on the subject, however, a handicap-certifying organization turns up from time to time. The latest is United States Golf Handicap, Inc., operated by a San Franciscan named Bill Brown. Bill runs a golf tackle shop and, for \$3 a year plus notifications of the unaffiliated golfer's best 10 of 15 rounds (witnessed, of course), Bill will issue a handicap. His rules are rigid. Anyone caught cheating three times will be warned, caught four times will be banished.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Dorothy Albrecht, manager of the Oklahoma swimming team and the first girl in history to manage one of the school's athletic teams: "It's kinda nice having 35 brothers. Boys are fun. I'm getting a liberal education."

• Lou Bello, basketball official in the Southern Conference and Athletic Coast Conference area: "They say officials favor the home team. Why? Well, perhaps because it's the responsibility of the home team to pay the referees."

• John Yovosin, Harvard football coach, on the brilliant, inquiring minds of Harvard athletes: "When we introduce a new play, we have to call off practice for five minutes while the players analyze it."

END



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WASHINGTON, D. C.....Woodward & Lothrop

## KEY-MAN

BALTIMORE.....Haberberg, Kahn—all stores  
BOSTON.....Jordan Marsh & branches  
BOSTON.....Adams, McIlrath & Anderson Co.  
CHICAGO.....

Maurice I. Rothschild—man & branches  
CINCINNATI.....Mables & Carver  
CINCINNATI.....Eli Moore—all stores  
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NEW YORK.....Bardberger's Newark & Paramus  
PITTSBURGH.....Gambels  
PORTLAND, ORE.....Meier & Frank  
ROCHESTER.....

The National—and suburban branches  
SAN DIEGO.....Walker-Sutton Company & branches  
SAN FRANCISCO.....

The Emporium—Northern California  
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Woodward & Lothrop



**Sports**  
**Illustrated**  
MARCH 11, 1963

*The terrifying moment of the Santa Anita Derby: as the rest of the field*

# THE BIG SPILL



*As they sweep into the backstretch, four horses have lost their jockeys. From left they are Doolin Point, Royal Tower, Denodado and Win-Em-All*

*The hazards of horse racing regularly produce high drama, and last Saturday they nearly reduced to a crashing shambles one of the important tests for the Kentucky Derby. It is an oddity of the racing calendar that two of these trials are run on the same day, on opposite sides of the country. In California's Santa Anita Derby 13 horses spun into the clubhouse*

*turn, and an instant later four were riderless (above). Rex Ellsworth's Candy Spots (No. 5) went on to win. In the Flamingo Stakes at Florida's Hialeah, No. 5 also won—Captain Harry Guggenheim's Never Bend. Thus was confirmed the two-horse rivalry that is firing the imagination of racing fans. The triumphs and tragedies are reported on the following pages.*

## A DERBY FAVORITE COMES THROUGH A GRIM TRIAL

The most eye-catching colt in the U.S. won his Kentucky Derby test in style. Candy Spots, who attracts a chatter of appreciation from ordinary fans as well as the sober approbation of expert horsemen, threw off a physical shock in the Santa Anita Derby that would have unnerved many other 3-year-olds and still ran away from all comers. It is not just his come-from-behind ability that commands attention; he is simply a magnificent animal. All chestnut horses look good, and Candy Spots is a big one, fully 16 hands 2 inches and almost 1,100 pounds. A long white stripe down his face helps and, finally, there are those unique (and scientifically unexplained) markings that give him his name. On his back and hind legs are splashes of black and white that look as if they were flicked on by paint brushes.

In his first major race of the season Saturday, Candy Spots was the magnet for 57,000 pairs of eyes as the 13-horse field broke from the gate. He would surely have

remained the focus of attention all the way if there had been no accident. As it was, the fantastic pileup so distracted the crowd that most people failed to appreciate fully Candy's excellent performance. Many also missed the fact that, but for a fluke of racing luck, Candy Spots himself—a \$1 million hunk of horseflesh which Rex Ellsworth has not insured—might not have survived the worst crash ever seen on a U.S. racetrack in a major stakes race.

The drama, heightened if anything by the beautiful and well-ordered stage on which it took place, developed within seconds of the start. At first it appeared as if careless, hell-for-leather riding had caused the accident. Later the film patrol exonerated the participants. The trouble, actually, was that only one horse in this field wanted to run out ahead. The other 12 all wanted to take back and be second.

Following his break from stall 13, Johnny Longden gunned Alfred Vanderbilt's *Might and Main* to the lead and, by the time he was into the clubhouse turn, old



grandpuppy John had moved his horse across the track to the inside rail with a clear margin. But behind him all was explosive.

Following Might and Main were Fred Hooper's entry, Sky Gem and Win-Em-All, and Robert LeSage's Round Rock, the three of them closer than a London fog, the three riders trying to contain their mounts and at the same time avoid the complications that can result from close-quarter running. Braulio Baeza was on the inside of this trio with Sky Gem. Baeza already had observed that Sky Gem was trying to bear out. Suddenly he noticed another disturbing thing. Sky Gem was about to run up on Might and Main's heels.

Then it happened. Sky Gem bore out again, and as he did he tripped up his own stablemate, Milo Valenzuela flew off Win-Em-All as though the pair of them had been hit by a howitzer. He pitched forward onto the track and lay frighteningly still. Into this muddle of flesh tore Doolin Point, Denodado and Royal Tower, and their riders went sailing, either from contact with a fallen horse or because they were alert enough to bail out in the last split second. (Denodado broke both his left legs and was destroyed immediately at the request of his trainer, Charles Whittingham. For this purpose a pistol was borrowed from a security officer, the bullet was dispatched through the crippled horse's brain and—in keeping with the eerie nature of the afternoon—bounced away to injure a bystander lightly. Win-Em-All suffered cuts on both hind legs, a bloody nose and swollen mouth. He will surely miss the Florida Derby. Doolin Point had superficial cuts and bruises. Royal Tower was unscratched. All four jockeys went to the hospital with bruises but were released that night.)

At the same time, the second echelon of horses behind Sky Gem and Win-Em-All was having trouble. On the rail Country Squire bore out without warning. He slammed into Beekeeper. Beekeeper slammed into Candy Spots and knocked him almost sideways and four or five feet to the outside. It was exactly that four or five feet that saved Candy from barreling at full tilt into the fallen Win-Em-All. Suddenly Candy Spots had a clear track in front of him. From there on he was able to run his race.

The rest was almost anticlimactic. Might and Main held his lead until the reduced field turned for home. Sky Gem was behind him, but Bill Shoemaker had Candy Spots nicely in third place, just two lengths off the pace. Then he took the spotted chestnut to the outside and gradually wore down the front-runners. The winner was drawing away at the finish, the way a good horse should. In so doing, despite his undistinguished time of 1:50 1/5, Candy Spots had partly helped to answer several questions.

The big pre-race puzzle among Santa Anita horsemen

was not really whether Candy Spots was a good horse. Agreement was general that Owner Rex Ellsworth had the best horse, but the question was whether, after just one so-far-long prep race, Candy Spots was ready to win at nine furlongs. Owner Ellsworth and Trainer Mesbach Tenney had wanted more time to prepare. They would have preferred him to have at least two pre-Derby races instead of one. When time ran out on them they had purposefully slowed his training down when the track went through a long spell of muddy and sloppy conditions, they worked him hard and fast to get him ready. And it came off.

"I was pleased with his race, I suppose," said Ellsworth later, "but not very satisfied with his condition. He was a long way from his real race today." What next for Candy Spots? "It's possible," says Ellsworth, "that we'll go to the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park on March 30. But we might train this horse in the West and go right to Churchill Downs with him."

Ellsworth is just as aware as the rest of sporting America that his colt's chief rival in Louisville will be Never Bend, So is Shoemaker. In the paddock before the Santa

Continued



Jockey Rudy Campos lies on the track, stunned by his fall (opposite), while his doomed mount, Denodado, struggles to rise though both left legs are broken.

First to be thrown when his horse, Win-Em-All, was tripped by a stablemate, Milo Valenzuela is comforted by track officials before going to hospital with other riders.



*A length and a half ahead and pulling away, his unusual markings clearly visible, Candy Spots leads Sky Gem to the wire at Santa Anita.*

#### THE BIG SPILL *continued*

Anita Derby, the crowd had already been informed by the track's public address system that Never Bend had won the Flamingo Stakes that afternoon. "Hey, Shoe," many called, "Never Bend won by five lengths—let's see what you can do now."

The Shoe did well, and so did Candy Spots, who may be on the way to establishing a popular equine personality in the same category as Carry Back. As to his quality, the interim judgment must be that the Spotted Wonder has the heart and the potential to be the best in the world.

—WHITNEY TOWER

### IT WAS EASY FOR NEVER BEND

Some three hours after the running of the \$135,600 Flamingo at Hialeah Park, Alfred Vanderhilt picked up his telephone in Miami Beach and called a dancing friend named Fred Astaire in California. "Fred," said Vanderhilt, "would you mind putting the telephone down next to the television set so I can hear the Santa Anita Derby?" Naturally Fred Astaire didn't mind, and Alfred Vanderhilt heard a colt named Candy Spots win the Santa Anita Derby even if some of his competition did lie down for him.

Ten years ago, on a soft May afternoon in Louisville, the last undefeated horse to enter a Derby was locked into

the starting gate. His name was Native Dancer, his owner was Alfred Vanderbilt and he suffered the only defeat of his lifetime when a front-running dude named Dark Star beat him a head on the post. The owner of Dark Star was Captain Harry Guggenheim and, if anyone has a horse that can beat the unbeaten Candy Spots this year, it is this same Guggenheim. In the Flamingo it took only one minute 49.25 seconds for Guggenheim's Never Bend to prove that he is easily the best of the eastern 3-year-olds. A 37-40-1 shot, King Toots, was second, and Royal Ascot, an early-season hopeful trained by Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, was third.

Taking command right from the start, Never Bend drew off to win by five easy lengths, leaving behind nine other—pardon the expression—horses. At no time did any one of Never Bend's opponents get close: for the crowd of 32,000 the only real excitement came from watching a fine solo performance, not a contest.

In all the history of \$100,000 races there probably has never been such a simple victory. Jockey Manuel Ycaza had pushed Never Bend right to the front in the first two strides. Going into the first turn Never Bend was two lengths in front, and Ycaza had a pleasant trip around the racetrack with plenty of time for examining the hibiscus and bougainvillea. "It is easy," he said later. "This is a fine, smart horse and he is not dumb-headed like his sire, Nas-





*His race already won with an eighth of a mile to go, Never Bend continues to increase his margin of victory in the Flamingo at Hialeah*

rullah. He is strong, very strong, a little bit stronger than me. When we get into the stretch I gave him two taps with the whip to keep him honest, and off he goes again. "Bye-bye, boys," I say to the other riders. It was, like the man said, another job very well done."

There is no doubt that Never Bend beat "nothing at all" in the Flamingo. The colts which Candy Spots defeated also were hardly the type to build monuments to. Never Bend is a good horse but as yet nothing more. He has won close to \$500,000 with his nine victories in 12 starts. He is a picture horse with a beautiful, strong head and a roving eye. His stablehands call him Smokey because of his dark coloring, and when he takes to the racetrack he is a favorite on looks alone in any post parade.

His style of running is simply to go to the front and carry the target. There is, however, an extraordinary quickness to him at the starting gate and he rattles away from it as swiftly as Bold Ruler used to do. There is no higher compliment that can be paid to any horse.

There was something about Never Bend's Flamingo victory, though, that was a little distressing. Leaving the 16th pole he bore out badly. The move wasn't noticed at all by the crowd and could be seen only in the head-on shots in the film patrol. Perhaps, as his stable suggests, he shied away from a clique of photographers inside the inner rail.

Maybe—but perhaps, instead, he ducked out because he had had as much distance as he could stomach. When horses tire they drift, and Never Bend was going in his first actual race of 1963 and had an excuse for tiring. (He did have a rather easy exhibition race two weeks ago.)

Never Bend goes to the post next on April 19 in the Forerunner at Keeneland. After that he will be in the Stepping Stone at Churchill Downs. In the meantime Trainer Woody Stephens will merely breeze the colt in Columbia, S.C., getting him out of the Florida heat. "I believe," he says, "that this heat over a long period of time has got to sap the energy out of a man or a horse. In Columbia it is cooler, and we will just breeze him easy half miles or five furlongs."

For the next few weeks Never Bend will be out of sight, out of print, but certainly not out of anyone's mind. Right now Candy Spots weighs heavily on Captain Guggenheim's mind, and Never Bend should weigh as much on Rex Ellsworth's. The Derby is strictly a two-horse affair, and the characteristics of the competitors make for an outstanding race—Never Bend is a front-runner; Candy Spots rolls on from behind. You pay your money and you take your choice—but in either case the payoff on your bet is likely to be modest.

—WILLIAM LEGGETT





## ***Border Warfare***

The main reason for the visit to West Point last week by 98 cadets of the Royal Military College of Canada was a hockey game. The U.S. won 9-4, a setback Canadian Benny Laliberte (*left*) accepted with commendable spirit, since the second reason for the get-together was "to promote good will and establish friendship among officers-to-be of Canada and the United States." Seldom before in Canadian-U.S. history has good will been more needed, or more generously shown. Cadets from both schools shared rooms and swapped hats and ribbons. The men from the college at Kingston studied West Point formations (*above*), twined expertly with American girls (*below*) and in a formal intercademy debate discussed with their U.S. counterparts the relative merits of loving or dying.



JOHN J. FORD

# CINCY GOES FOR A THIRD

The Bearcats should win the NCAA basketball title again, but there will be the Blue Devil to pay if Duke gets hot by JOHN UNDERWOOD

There are many ways to play against the University of Cincinnati basketball team, but the best way to play it would appear to be next season. All good students of the game know you do not run on the Bearcats, because they laugh if you try it and steal your passes; nor do you pressure Cincinnati, because the Cincinnati press stacks three ways faster, including under water, and you do not play slow and careful against Cincinnati, because this is Cincinnati's specialty and what is the use of being the first basketball team ever held scoreless? Neither do you try to stop their star player, because Cincinnati doesn't have one. It has five, and they are good enough to win a third straight national championship for Coach Ed Jucker.

This would be, of course, unprecedented. The odds against a team winning the NCAA championship three years in a row are massive. As the tournament began this weekend, however, who was to say the Bearcats were not equal to the odds, whatever they were? Not even Wichita Coach Ralph Miller, whose team has been the only one to defeat Cincinnati in two games over a two-year period, would suggest they can be beaten. "Excellent," he says of the Bearcats' chances. They are sublime, he says: the "strongest," the "best," with plenty of "poise, experience, defense and offense," and furthermore, "they have a willing spirit." He says no thank you, sir, but he could not at this time reveal the special

concomitants of his team's 65-64 upset of the Bearcats in mid-February, possibly because a coach would be a fool to share such a good thing and possibly because secret stratagems for beating Cincinnati have been losing for years.

When you talk of Cincinnati you talk in superlatives: Tony (Gramps) Yates is the best defensive player in the country, Tom (Cobra) Thacker is the tallest 6-foot 2-inch man in the world, Center George Wilson has the sharpest elbows. The Bearcats lead the nation's colleges in total defense. They exasperate paying customers—in arenas other than Cincinnati's—with their canny stalls, their deliberations, their icy disdain tactics that have led them to 79 wins in their last 85 games. The prospects of continuous success even led the brothers of Cincinnati's Alpha Epsilon Pi fraternity to start a frat house graveyard for the fallen, where the students play taps as the wooden markers are hammered into the ground—"Rest in Peace, Tulsa, Jan. 12, 1963, 67-57," etc. Cemetery space is now at a premium. It is, by some estimates, a depressing sight. Coach Jucker summed up his own team best. "I'm sorry," he said to St. Louis Athletic Director Bob Stewart after last month's 70-40 rout of the well-regarded Billikens. "I'm sorry we had to be so good."

There are three changes in the Cincinnati cast from last year, but only one new face among the starters, Larry Shingleton at guard. In place of the

continued

## TEN OF THE TOURNAMENT'S BEST

### CINCINNATI



TONY THACKER

Midwest Valley

W 33 L 1

Coach: Ed Jucker

Ranked No. 1 all season, Cincy earned its honors with a disciplined defense that held foes to 52.3 points per game and a punishing attack. Guards shoot sparingly, instead try to fool either Forward Ron Bonham or Thacker, who is most threatening in tense moments.

### DUKE



ART HEYMAN

Atlantic Coast

W 34 L 3

Coach: Vic Rubeen

Big, strong and poise-ous under both boards, Duke will fast-break if permitted, or set up plays around Heyman and Jeff Mullins inside. Zone or pressing defenses don't bother them, which uses several kinds itself. Only offensive weakness is lack of scoring by the guards.

### LOYOLA OF CHICAGO



JERRY HARKNESS

Independent

W 34 L 2

Coach: George Ireland

The Ramblers thrive on a helter-skelter fast break and peerless rebounding. Harkness, when Loyola's all-time leading scorer, heads a well-balanced attack that averages 93.9 points, best in the nation. The starters make 13 to 21 points a game. Both bench and defense are weak.

### ARIZONA STATE



ART BECKER

Western

W 32 L 2

Coach: Red Wulk

It has the reputation of being a fast-breaking team, but it isn't. ASU is now using many set patterns around Becker in the pivot, which are designed to get Joe Caldwell and Dennis Darrman open. The Sun Devils defend only adequately, but react well to pressure.

### MISSISSIPPI STATE



LELAND MITCHELL

Southeastern

W 21 L 8

Coach: Bob McEachery

Master at the slowdown game, State waits patiently for the defense to come out, then Guards Red Stroud and Doug Helton cut around Mitchell, who plays a high post. Team rarely shoots from outside, but its driving lay-ups are almost untappable. It was the big ones.

# NCAA Championship Pairings

## EAST REGIONALS

**BYU**  
Philadelphia, March 11

**PITTSBURGH**

**ST. JOSEPH'S**  
Philadelphia, March 11

**IVY LEAGUE CHAMPION**

**WEST VIRGINIA**  
Philadelphia, March 11

**CONNECTICUT**

**DUKE**

College Park, Md., March 10

College Park, Md., March 10

College Park, Md., March 10

**SEMIFINALS**  
Louisville, March 22

## MIDEAST REGIONALS

**EDWING GREEN**  
Evanston, Ill., March 11

**NOTRE DAME**

**GRAND VALLEY CHAMPION**  
Evanston, Ill., March 11

**LOTOLA OF CHICAGO**

**SIO TEN CHAMPION**

East Lansing, Mich., March 10

East Lansing, Mich., March 10

East Lansing, Mich., March 10

**MISSISSIPPI STATE**

## FINALS

Louisville, March 23

## MIDWEST REGIONALS

**COLORADO STATE**  
Lubbock, Texas, March 8

**OKLAHOMA CITY**

**TEXAS**  
Lubbock, Texas, March 8

**TEXAS WESTERN**

**SIO EIGHT CHAMPION**

Lawrence, Kans., March 10

Lawrence, Kans., March 10

Lawrence, Kans., March 10

**CINCINNATI**

**SEMIFINALS**  
Louisville, March 22

## WEST REGIONALS

**SEATTLE**  
Eugene, Ore., March 11

**OREGON STATE**

**ARIZONA STATE**  
Eugene, Ore., March 11

**UTAH STATE**

**WEST COAST AC CHAMPION**

Provo, Utah, March 10

Provo, Utah, March 10

Provo, Utah, March 10

**RED BULL CHAMPION**

graduated Paul Hogue, the monolithic 6-foot-9 center, Forward George Wilson (6 feet 8 and bony) was moved to center and Thacker from guard to forward. Thacker, 6 feet 2 and 170 pounds, is the nearest thing to an indispensable Bearcat. When he fouled out against Wichita, Cincinnati blew a six point lead and the game. He is the key man in the Cincinnati deep freeze. He has fine quick hands and he leaps like a porpoise. Center Wilson lacks Hogue's brute strength under the basket, but is more agile and much faster. Forward Ron Bonham (6 feet 5) is the least of Coach Jucker's defensive players—though he is plenty good enough—and he is clearly the best shot Cincinnati has had since Oscar Robertson. He averages 20.7 points a game and hits 91%, at the foul line. Yates, 6 feet 1 and 175 pounds, quarterbackes the offense and though he shoots sparingly he guards up a storm. The 5-foot-10 Shingleton, meanwhile, would rather eat sawdust than take a shot. But watch it: Bradley didn't even assign a man to Shingleton at the start of their game in Cincinnati so he hit seven of 11 shots—reluctantly, of course.

Talk of Cincinnati's weaknesses is often vague and wishful and runs to criticism of its bench strength. The fact is that if Cincinnati's bench is inferior (as most benches are), it matters less with them than with many teams because: 1) the take-it-slow and do-it-

right style of play lessens fatigue and 2) the Bearcats rarely get into foul trouble. They draw fewer fouls (13.1 a game) than any team in the country except Providence.

Nevertheless, nit-picking types can manage to find things about the Bearcats that warrant a little concern. Their rebounding, without 235 pounds of Paul Hogue, is not as overpowering, and the team is not as tall. It is not a great shooting team, so it has to work the ball in to score. It has a distressing habit, newly acquired, of getting behind early in games. Last week, Xavier led it down 25-15. Before that, Tulsa was 13-0 at the start and with eight minutes to play still led by 11. There have been other cases. "When a team repeatedly falls behind, and when this is a radical departure from what has gone before," says one rival Missouri Valley coach, "you have to figure some element is missing—maybe timing, maybe morale—who knows?"

The early NCAA road for Cincy is hardly perilous. It should have no difficulty advancing past the Texas-Texas Western winner in the Midwest regionals. Western, which has beaten Texas once already, plays much in the style of Cincinnati (Coach Don Haskins calls his a "walking offense"), but is a slow team afoot and its best player, Jim Barnes, has a proclivity to foul. This sets up Cincinnati for a quarter-final game against the Big Eight champion, as yet undecided, but likely to be Kansas

State. State is one team that does have a bench. Twelve men appeared in at least half the Wildcats' games. They have closed fast after an abysmal start and should handle either Colorado State or Oklahoma City, for all those teams' recent successes. The prospect then is a repeat of State's 75-61 loss to Cincinnati earlier in the year, unless State's big and usually mild center, Roger Sutner, suddenly runs wild.

Arizona State, in a draw no tougher than Cincinnati's, has the best chance to get to Louisville for a semifinal game against the Bearcats. This would entail beating a good Utah State team, then the Big Six champion (Stanford or UCLA, both of which have had a rugged conference season that has left them more proved than impressive) and finally the best in the other bracket, very likely the winner of the towsup game between Seattle and Oregon State. Neither of those two teams has looked sharp enough to cope with ASU.

Arizona State's coach, Ned Wink, says his team is "a group of gracious young men. They don't like to get too far ahead. The thing that scares me most is a 14-point lead." True, ASU blows leads, but it also snatches them back again. Instead of using their customary fast break, the Sun Devils have turned to set play patterns this season, getting the ball to Joe Caldwell, a fine fall-away shooter, and 6-foot-8 Art Becker who, despite his size, is more effective outside. Gary Semitz is an aggressive, almost surly playmaker.

*continued*

## NYU



BARRY KRAMER

Independent

W 16 L 9

Coach: Lou Rossini

Although not too big (the tallest starter is 6 feet 7), NYU rebounds well enough to make its free-lance offense efficient. It works to get the ball to Kramer, the country's No. 2 scorer, and Happy Hairston, who is rigged under the basket. Guards rarely shoot from outside.

## WEST VIRGINIA



ROD THORN

Southern

W 24 L 7

Coach: George King

Deep in bench strength and with good rebounders, the Mountaineers are well equipped for their run-and-shoot-type game. Thorn is over his midseason injuries and has regained his scoring touch. This team has the best zone press in the land, is dangerous when trailing

## BOWLING GREEN



RONNIE KORMAN

Mid-American

W 10 L 8

Coach: Harold Anderson

BG can attack from two areas. Korman, a 10.4 scorer, is extremely accurate outside while 6-foot-11 Nate Thurmond, who gets 16 rebounds a game and blocks shots deftly, provides good inside scoring. However, the Falcons sometimes lose their poise if they get behind.

## COLORADO STATE



BILL GREEN

Independent

W 10 L 4

Coach: Jim Williams

Traditionally a ball-control team, the Rams run some this year. If the defense sags on Green, who averages 26.6 points, all Forward Dave Sigafos and Brian Etheridge can and will shoot from the outside. CSU uses a tight man-to-man, but will go to a press when necessary.

## OREGON STATE



TERRY BAKER

Independent

W 17 L 7

Coach: State GM

The OSU defense, mostly man-to-man, is tough, and football star Baker, who directs the offense, is dangerous on drives up the middle. However, the attack often bogs down when 7-foot Mc Coyne, a fine rebounder, has trouble scoring. Team has looked good and had



*Photographed at Dumharton, Scotland, by "21" Brands.*

## A squad of geese guards Ballantine's

At Dumharton, Scotland, thousands of oaken barrels of Scotch Whisky destined to become Ballantine's lie racked in the aging sheds. They are guarded by a proud squad of 18 white Chinese geese, led by a crusty old gander irreverently called Mr. Ballantine. Any uninvited visitor must first deal with these stern sentinels. For one shrill cackle starts another and soon a tuneless symphony brings the authorities. Here the 42 fine Scotch Whiskies that go into Ballantine's are brought to maturity. Rolling

mists from the nearby Clyde gently wrap each barrel in a silken blanket. As the whisky in each barrel "breathes" this moist Scottish atmosphere, it slowly loses any sharpness, emerging with its characteristic sunny-light flavor.

Once harmonized into Ballantine's, the result is Scotch Whisky unsurpassed in authentic taste—never heavy or brash... nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds. Just a few reasons why: ***The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.***





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Glad you asked.

It's a Volkswagen Station Wagon.

Don't pity the poor thing; it can take it.

It can carry nearly a ton of anything you can afford to buy.

Or 8 people (plus luggage) if you want to get practical about it.

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It will take you about 24 miles on a gallon of regular gas.

It won't take any water or anti-freeze at all; the engine is air-cooled.

And even though it carries almost twice as much as regular wagons, it takes 4 feet less to park.

What's in the package?

8 pairs of skis, the complete works of Dickens, 98 lbs. of frozen spinach, a hatch used by Grover Cleveland, 60 Hollywood

High gym sweaters, a suit of armor, and a full sized reproduction of the Winged Victory of Samothrace.





but generally the Sun Devils have lacked the killer instinct. More serious, they make too many ball handling errors. Cincinnati delights in taking advantage of that kind of foolishness, and most likely would.

The team that has the best prospect of beating Cincinnati—Duke—must survive a battle in the East. There are, by minimum count, four good teams that could beat the Blue Devils to the finals: West Virginia, Ohio State (if State can win the Big Ten championship and get into the tournament at all), Loyola of Chicago and Mississippi State. Mississippi State has won outright or shared (with Kentucky in 1962) the Southeastern Conference championship three years in a row, but its splendid qualifications and Coach Babe McCarthy's frequent pleas never got the team into the NCAA tournament because of a Mississippi policy prohibiting athletic competition against Negroes.

Last week, however, President D. W. Colvard of Mississippi State dramatically announced NCAA travel plans for the Maroon squad—and State, written off and virtually an unknown quantity, became a real threat in the Midwest. The Maroons are, in fact, a good bet to pull the first major upset of the tournament. They will likely face Loyola—a team, incidentally, that has four Negro starters—and though all good Loyola fans know that Coach George Ireland's Ramblers and their mad-dash, 94-points-a-game offense will play Cincinnati for the national championship, they should also know more about Mississippi State. The Maroons haven't lost a "big" game in three years. Their slow, screening, give-and-go offense is just as tantalizing as Cincinnati's and just as deadly. "No team in the nation can make driving layups under pressure like Mississippi State," says Auburn Coach Joel Eaves, who ought to know. In addition, Maroon Forward W. D. (Red) Stroud is a very good medium-range jump shot. State's offense functions only against a man-to-man defense, but in three years not a single team has been able to stay in a zone defense against the Maroons. State holds the ball until the defense comes out to challenge. The team lacks only size. Its biggest starter is 6 feet 7.

Loyola Coach Ireland, meanwhile, is convinced there is no team in recent years to compare with his Ramblers. "The idea in basketball is to score as

many points as possible, and that's what we do—we don't slow down at all. We are a matter-of-fact, unexcitable bunch that never gets upset." The Ramblers never play defense, either, and against Mississippi State this could hurt them.

Mississippi State would be a handful in the quarter-finals for the Big Ten entrant—Ohio State or Illinois. This presumes, of course, that the Big Ten team beats the Bowling Green-Notre Dame winner, which does take a bit of presuming since Bowling Green has been acting very tough lately.

#### A new OSU

Illinois is a strangely unbalanced mixture of great offense and poor defense (not unlike Loyola) that gets the ball airborne whenever there is daylight, leads its league in shots per game (77) and, happily for Coach Harry Combes, also leads in accuracy (.464). It is a team quite different from Ohio State, and Ohio State, paradoxically, is quite different from the Ohio State teams that lost in the NCAA finals to Cincinnati the last two years. Coach Fred Taylor has gone conservative. No more run-and-shoot. State has become the Big Ten's best defensive club and, as never before, its offense is built around a single man. This is 6-foot-8 junior Gary Bradds, who has averaged 27.9 points a game, is more than one-third of the Buckeye attack and is the country's best center. Everybody knows he is the OSU offense, nobody has been able to do anything about it, not with zones, chasers or even pocket lines outside the gymnasium. The Buckeyes are not, however, a fast team and there are grave inconsistencies in the play of their forwards, who only manage to score once a week or so.

An Ohio State-Mississippi State quarter-final would be a dandy, with the edge to Ohio State. Mississippi State, on the other hand, has too much defense for lighty Illinois. In any case, the survivor would figure to lose in the semi-finals to Duke, which does more things better than any of them. Projecting the favorites in the upper bracket, Duke should defeat NYU (hot shots Barry Kramer and Happy Hairston notwithstanding) in the second round and then repeat over West Virginia in the quarter-finals at College Park. West Virginia has a history of early failure in the tournament. The Mountaineers have entered seven times since 1955 and lost five times in the first round. What is more, they

lost to Duke by 40 points earlier this year. Rod Thorn has regained his best form for the Mountaineers, but probably not 40 points' worth.

Who would win a Duke-Cincinnati final? Duke is strong where Cincinnati is not—on the offense. Four of Duke's five starters hit better than 50% of their shots, and the fifth, the brilliant ex-bad boy, Art Heyman, averages 48.3, is the team high scorer (25.3 points a game) and the Associated Press' Player of the Year as well. Besides that, he doesn't lose his temper anymore. "I have," he says, "become humble." Conversely, only one of Cincinnati's five starters averages 50% from the floor. Duke also has superior height, with the irrepressible Heyman (6 feet 5), Jay Buckley (6 feet 10), Jeff Mullins (6 feet 4) and the sixth man, Hack Tison (6 feet 10). Cincinnati's Thacker and Duke's Heyman would wage a war at the one forward spot. The awesome Thacker hasn't faced Heyman's equal before and, with all his brilliance, Thacker was punished for 46 points by Wichita's Dave Stallworth. Against the pressing Cincinnati defense, Heyman would bring the ball downcourt, though he is actually a forward. Coach Vic Bubas knows his team has shortcomings at guard and that Heyman is his best dribbler and a masterful passer, too. Against North Carolina, in a game in which he scored 40 points, Heyman came whipping down the floor with three seconds left in the half and everybody in the Duke field house knowing he was going to shoot. He went up in the air near the head of the key—and fired a perfect pass to Mullins for an easy layup. If anything, Heyman takes too many shots, but so voracious is he at retrieving the ball that Bubas is reluctant to find fault.

Cincinnati has no player to equal Heyman's shooting, nor Mullins' either, for that matter. But none of Duke's multiple defenses are really very good—Heyman himself has a tendency to scramble and take chances—and Bearcat Bonham's short jumpers and the driving layups of Thacker would cause the Blue Devils trouble.

It would be about the best possible pairing for the finals: Duke with its offense, Cincinnati's defense. But Cincinnati is faster, better regimented and less prone to error. What's more, in close games defense usually wins. The champion Bearcats are favored, and deserve to be. If you want to bet on an underdog, take Duke.

END

**B**y tradition, great ski racers sprout like edelweiss from the sides of 10,000-foot Alpine peaks and learn to ski by racing downhill to school each morning. As a group they run curiously to a definite type: stocky and thick-legged, with the glow of rugged good health about them and names such as Christian and Karl and François. They are artists,

in a way, as jealous of their supremacy as concert violinists, and one does not join the troupe simply by knocking on the door and asking to be let in.

In the midst of this tight little European fraternity there appeared last winter a tall, athletic 22-year-old American named Chuck Ferries (see cover) who had sprouted from the side of a 400-foot

hill in Houghton, Mich. Although not a complete stranger to the territory, he looked less like a ski racer than some university student who had missed connections to Vienna. If so, this was about all that Chuck Ferries missed. He won two of five major slalom races in Europe, including Austria's own backyard World Series, the Hahnenkamm at Kitzbühel,

## SKIER ON A SLOPE TO GLORY

Chuck Ferries left home at 16 to find a big mountain. He found it. Now 23 and a champion on big mountains everywhere, he leads a young U.S. group that could soon shake the skiing world **by ROY TERRELL**



and at season's end was ranked among the half dozen best slalom men in the world. Never before had an American skier made a score like this in one winter. Now, with the 1964 Olympics less than a year away, Ferries must be given a good chance at a gold medal as anyone else.

This is a most unusual development in the world of Alpine ski racing, where only Buddy Werner, among all the American men who have tried, ever arrived at a position of such eminence before. But Werner did it on the downhill, and he was a special case, almost a freak, whose skills and ability developed long before and far beyond those around him. Ferries, on the other hand, seems to have

arrived at the peak only a step or two ahead of an American horde and this, in some ways, is the most unusual development of all. Close behind Chuck and sometimes all around him and occasionally on top of him—swarms a double handful of Americans in the same class, so many good ones, in fact, that Ferries is never quite sure from week to week whether he really is the best.

"People ask me why I didn't go back to Europe this year," he says. "Heck, I've got all the competition I can handle right here."

There is Werner, of course, more determined than ever at 27 to prove himself again, to capture some of the almost certain glory that disappeared in a shower of snow on the day that he broke his leg in the training camp before Squaw Valley. But there are also young Billy Kidd of Stowe, Vt., who on occasion has soundly trounced both Ferries and Werner this year, and two other 19-year-olds of talent, Jimmy Heuga and Billy Marolt. Gordy Eaton, 23, has long been considered an outstanding downhill prospect, while Nils Orsi, only 18 and a superb all-round athlete, may turn out to be the best downhiller of all. Dave Gorsuch, a member of both the 1958 FIS and 1960 Olympic teams, has been racing hard again—he has beaten Ferries, too—and there are others. Together they offer promise of fulfillment of a dream that has tantalized U.S. ski officials for years; that a day would come when American men could challenge Europeans in a major meet with not one but half a dozen racers capable of finishing first.

"I think we're about there," says Bob Beattie, the young Olympic coach whose organizational ability and enthusiasm (SI, Jan. 14) have produced these results far sooner than anyone dared hope. "We're not trying to build a team around Ferries and Werner. We want 10, maybe 20 boys, any one capable of beating the others. But to be realistic, you'd have to say that Chuck got there first. By winning those two big races in Europe last year he proved that he was the best U.S. slalom racer and one of the best in the world. He also proved what we have been telling the kids: an American can finish first. Now it should be easier for others to follow."

It will be easier for others to follow Ferries than it would have been for Fer-

ries to follow anyone else. Stubbornly independent, he is the product of his own fierce determination and little else.

Had America's early pioneers been just a shade less adventurous, for example, Houghton, Mich., would not have been discovered yet. It lies on the Keweenaw Peninsula, jutting into Lake Superior north of Ishpeming and Watersmeet and Iron Mountain, far north of Madison and Milwaukee, north of almost anywhere. "It takes two days to get there from Chicago," Chuck says. "You can't believe where Houghton is unless you look it up on a map."

Above Houghton, where his father was a dentist, Chuck began to ski at the age of 5 on Big Quiney Hill. Near by was Mont Ripley, a ski slope operated by Michigan Tech, at Mont Ripley, as college coach and head of the ski school, was Fred Lonsdorf. "I began to notice this little kid hanging around the edge of ski classes," Lonsdorf says. "He was sneaking lessons—and he never missed a day." When Chuck was 7, Lonsdorf shrugged and invited the boy to join in. Lonsdorf soon discovered that he had also inherited Mary Ann Ferries, who was to become a good racer, and Barbara Ferries, who sometimes looks like a great racer, and eventually Jimmy Ferries, now 14 and a member of the Houghton High School team. "Chuck won his first slalom when he was 10," Lonsdorf says, "and by the time he was 13 he was beating my college men." When he was 16 Chuck ran away from home to find a bigger mountain.

"All those years I had been practicing slalom three hours a day," Chuck says. "Then I would go off to a junior race in Wyoming or Montana and get beaten in the downhill. I decided that I'd never learn to race on a 400-foot hill."

In October of 1955 Chuck told his mother that he was going to spend the night with a friend. He gathered up \$300 he had saved from a summer job with a power company, lowered his suitcase and ski poles down a rope from his bedroom window and fled on a train to Chicago. "I was afraid to take my skis. I even asked a stranger, some guy hanging around the station, to buy me a ticket." From Chicago he went to Sun Valley. No snow. He went to Alta, Utah and got a job washing dishes and pouring coffee in a lodge to pay for his room

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#### **SLOPE TO GLORY**

and board. And he began to ski on a real mountain.

"For two weeks I had a bull. Then I began to worry. So I called home and told my parents where I was. 'I'd sure like to stay out here,' I said. Since I was all right and had already missed so much school anyway, they decided that I might just as well stay until the next semester. Boy, was I happy. Then I broke an ankle the next week." Back home by Thanksgiving, Chuck caught up on his grades—but never really took his eyes off the Rockies.

By the fall of 1956 the Ferneses were more or less resigned, and they let Chuck go off on his own to Aspen. He lived in a bunkhouse that belonged to the Snow Chase Ski Club of Chicago and earned his bed by getting up every two hours of the night, all winter long, to put coal in the bunkhouse stove. He also made the honor roll in the local school and learned to ski a big mountain. "I began to think seriously about the '60 Olympics," he says. "I was winning junior races by three and four seconds. When I finished fourth in the 1957 Roch Cup slalom behind the best men, Tom Sailer and Christian Pravda and Tommy Corcoran, I figured I had it made. I was only 17 and I was the hottest thing on skis. Then I really began to learn about ski racing. I cooled off and skied badly the rest of the year."

#### **Sleep in the Red Onion**

In the next four years Chuck won a few and lost a lot. Sometimes he was ready to quit, and then a race, usually a late-season race in which he did very well—he has always been a slow starter—would encourage him to keep on. He received a scholarship to the University of Denver and went there to study finance and to learn more about skiing under that controversial technician, Willy Schaeffler. He was more or less adopted by François de Gunzburg, an independent oil operator and promoter who was to develop ski facilities at Mt. Alyeska outside Anchorage, Alaska, where the national championships will be held early next month. When his money ran low in the winter quarter of 1958, Chuck dropped out of college temporarily and went back to Aspen, where he worked and slept in the Red Onion restaurant and skied on the Aspen Ski Patrol. And, naturally, raced.

With the best Americans in Europe

for the 1958 FIS meet, Chuck won both the downhill and giant slalom in the Roch Cup, and he won the national slalom by almost six seconds. He went to Europe in '59, with De Gunzburg's help, and discovered what American skiers had been discovering for years: "I just wasn't in their class." Out of condition, he was injured in a fall at Chamonix, and only the encouragement of America's best woman racer, Penny Piteu, kept Chuck from catching the first plane home. "Buddy Werner and Max Marolt were over there, too," says Chuck, "but they would hardly speak to me. I was just a cocky kid and I had to learn for myself. Buddy is funny. When you're good and you prove it to him, he's the first to welcome you to the crowd. But until you do prove it, you're an outsider. We're the greatest of friends now, but we weren't then and we weren't for a long time afterward, either."

Back in the States at the end of the season, Chuck finished second by just 1 second to Werner in the slalom at Stowe and also ran second to Buddy in the giant slalom. This earned him a place on the '60 Olympic training squad, and although he failed to complete the first run at Squaw Valley another season finale at Stowe kept him from chucking the whole thing. He tied Guy Perillat of France on the first slalom run there and would probably have won the race except that he straddled the last gate the second time down.

"I began to realize what I was doing wrong," he says. "All I could think about was winning. Second place was nothing. So I was trying to ski every run faster than I could ski. I was pushing too hard, driving myself beyond my ability. You just can't do that in slalom racing, you can only go as fast as you can go. Beyond that point you mess a gate or you fall, and you can't win many races by falling down."

In 1961 Chuck beat Werner for the first time, winning the Snow Cup giant slalom at Alta. "Buddy was rusty," Chuck says now. "Maybe he hadn't recovered from that broken leg. But the important thing to me was that I had beaten him." Fernes also won the Roch Cup slalom by six seconds and then skied on the Denver team that won the national collegiate championship from the University of Colorado. "That was important to me, too," Chuck says. "College skiing is much more of a team sport,

and maybe I learned something about being part of a team."

Last winter Chuck moved on to another team, the young, highly promising FIS crew that Beattie took to Chamionix. Also a member of the group was Barbara Fernes, who at the age of 17 seemed about to ski right past her big brother. She had arrived with a rush the year before, sweeping almost every women's race in the U.S. Now Chuck really felt that he belonged. Barbara was there, Werner was his friend, everything was all right. The only trouble was that Chuck seemed to be the least promising skier in training. "I couldn't finish a course," he says. "I fell, I missed gates, I did everything wrong. I was trying to ski too fast again. I was so mad at myself that I was tied up in knots. Beattie was great, but I think he must have begun to wonder."

Just before the team broke training camp at Val-d'Isère, Werner and Fernes went up the mountain to work on technique together. "When we came down," says Chuck, "I felt a lot better. Then we had a week's holiday over Christmas. Buddy, Gordy Eaton and I rented a car and drove into Switzerland. We didn't put on a ski for seven days. When we came back I finished fourth in a slalom race in a little French town no one had ever heard of. Just a local affair. But I finished, and I knew then that everything would be all right."

#### This unknown American

After the first run of the slalom at Kitzbuhel, Chuck was in eighth place. But on the second he tore the course apart, turning in a time of 69.7 seconds, which was the best of the day, and he beat Perillat by .7 second. Behind the two came some of the great slalom racers of the Alps: Gerhard Nönnen and Pepi Stiegler of Austria, François Bonlieu and Charles Bozon of France, Austria's Hias Leitner. The next week at Cortina, Fernes won again, beating Bozon, Karl Schranz of Austria and Perillat, among others. The European papers were full of this unknown American and his remarkable feat. The Americans—Werner, Heuga, Kidd, Marolt, Beattie, the entire team—were ecstatic. "You see, you can do it," Beattie kept saying. "you can do it." Chuck grins. "It was wonderful," he says.

In the terrible snowstorm that enveloped Chamionix on the day of the world

continued



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### SLOPE TO GLORY

slalom championship. Werner ranked third after the first run and Fernes fourth. Both fell down the second time—along with a long, distinguished list of others—while Boyen stayed on his skis to win. But for the trip as a whole the Americans had done well. Werner was winning again—the giant slalom at Courchevel, the giant slalom at Oslo—the youngsters were beginning to finish in the first 10 with consistency and Fernes had won those two big races. Beattie and his team were already looking ahead to Innsbruck in 1964.

Before 1964, however, there is the rest of 1963, and it is during this season that Chuck Fernes and the others must perfect their skills if there are to be medals at Innsbruck after all. No one realizes this more than Fernes. Married to Jody Voyles in October and studying hard so that he can finish college this fall, he has still managed to find time to race almost every weekend since going to the national Alpine training camp in December at Vail, Colo.

"As usual," he says, "I got off to a lousy start."

In his first race, a downhill, he was disqualified for jumping the start. A few days later he caught a tip on the first gate of a slalom race and was disqualified. Then Chuck won the slalom, finished second in the downhill and won the combined at the Southern Rocky Mountain championships. He was second to Gorsuch in both the slalom and giant slalom at the Air Force Academy Invitational on January 19 and 20 but sharpened up and walked off with the big Broadmoor International Slalom Derby at Colorado Springs, Colo., finishing ahead of Werner and Gorsuch. In early February he won the Roeh Cup giant slalom and combined (Billy Kidd won both the downhill and slalom, with Werner second), and since then it has been nip and tuck among the three Americans, who really don't seem to need that European competition so much anymore.

"Personally, I still think Buddy Werner is the best American skier," says Chuck. "I'm not convinced that he isn't the best in the world. But the big thing is that a lot of guys are catching up. The entire attitude has changed. Beattie isn't looking for someone to go along on the team just for the ride. He wants people who can win. And everybody seems to want to win now. Most U.S. skiers used to spend all their time drinking and

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having a good time and running around. Now they spend all their time trying to beat you."

As far as the other Americans are concerned, the man to beat in any slalom race is Chuck Ferries. "He never looks so good in training," says Schaeffer, "and he seldom wins the little race. But in the big race he is always ready, like a race-horse. He's the coolest person around. Tremendous concentration. Sometimes he gets a little mad at himself and he gets a little too tight, physically, but mentally he is perfect. He makes a mistake and forgets it. He doesn't let it bother him for two weeks, like it does other people. He goes right back up and the next time he does it right."

"The first time I ever saw Chuck, in a junior race, he didn't look any better than half the kids around. But I liked the way he made his own way, not asking anything of anybody. That showed determination and spirit. There was never any question what he was there for; he was there to win. He wanted to be better than anyone else. I think in the slalom, at least, he is. On a really steep hill, on hard, icy conditions, he's the best around."

As a skier Chuck is unusually strong for his 5 feet 11 inches and 160 pounds. He has amazing leg muscles and incredibly quick reactions. "Like a snake," Schaeffer says. He has also learned a great deal about slalom racing, and he continues to learn every year. "This season, for example," says Chuck, "I have been turning more on my uphill ski." He grins. "Against all the basic lessons of good skiing. But I find that I can come out of a gate six inches or a foot higher than before, and you have to use everything you can. I've learned to handle the ice—in fact, I can't even race on soft snow anymore—and this is important, particularly in Europe."

"I want to win this year, of course. There is still the collegiate meet, the Harriman Cup at Sun Valley and the nationals in Alaska. I worked for François up there the last couple of summers as assistant area manager, and I really want to win in Alaska. But the important thing is Europe next year. All the big races and then Innsbruck."

"I know how to win now, and I know that I can win. The important thing is to go over there and win. We surprised them a bit last year. We might really surprise someone in '64."

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**T**he intense young woman opposite, caparisoned in the severe uniform and the exotic implements of her unusual profession, may well be the greatest woman bullfighter who has ever lived. Not everyone thinks so, of course (in 1956 *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* didn't). In Mexico and South America, where she has killed 300 bulls, Patricia McCormick of Big Spring, Texas has been criticized on several grounds: she is a woman, she is a Yankee, she is hoth; she fights on foot (Peru's celebrated Conchita Contrón fought on horseback, dismounting only to kill); and, finally, she's too good.

All of these charges are true, including the last one. "Had she not been born a woman," one of Mexico's great matadors has said, "she might have been better than any of us." The distinguished critic, Rafael Solana, calls Miss McCormick "the most courageous woman I have ever seen," and adds, significantly, "she is better with the bulls than Conchita Contrón." Unlike other American girls who have had a fling at bullfighting, Miss McCormick has been unswervingly dedicated ever since the moment in 1951 when she abandoned her art and music courses at Texas Western College in El Paso to cross the Rio Grande. In the years since she first fought in Ciudad Juárez in 1952, Patricia has taken grave risks and suffered grave wounds for her passionate *afición*. She has been gored six times, once so savagely that a Mexican doctor abandoned hope. "Take her into her own country to die," he said. "There is nothing more to be done."

Although Miss McCormick's business cards identify her as a "Matadora de Novillos-Toros," she is not and can

# A BRAVE MATADORA EXPLAINS THE BULLFIGHT

never be a matador. No woman ever has taken the *alternativa*, the ceremony in which apprentices are advanced to the senior rank. The reason: a sponsor is required in the ritual, and no male matador will sponsor a woman, regardless of her capabilities. Carlos Arruza, the greatest Mexican matador of our generation, has said of Miss McCormick: "Yes, she fights larger bulls than any other woman, and I understand she kills well . . . Her defect is that she is a woman."

Miss McCormick has not resisted this discrimination, but has compensated in other ways. She has become a formidable student of her profession. She has read most of the Spanish literature on the subject and has formulated theories on its various aspects. One of the latter suggests that Americans can be helped to understand the bullfight through geometric forms. To develop this view, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* sent Miss McCormick and Artist Robert Riger to Spain. The result of their collaboration is on the following pages.



# THE ART OF THE CORRIDA IS RULED BY GEOMETRY

by Patricia McCormick

*Drawings by Robert Riger*

In the permanent, international argument over bullfighting (is it a sport or an art?) one element remains largely unrecognized: to the professional, bullfighting is most of all a logical science, an exercise in geometry, with laws as rigid as those customarily applying to mathematics.

The breathtaking, bulletlike movements are the show of the *corrida*, but they are not the substance. Beneath the swirling cape and behind the red muleta is a collection of precisely timed and calculated maneuvers designed to enable the matador to dominate and destroy the bull while protecting himself from injury or death. These maneuvers comprise the celebrated passes—the *verónica*, the *ganero*, the *derechazo* and the *notador*, to name only a few—but even the aficionado often sees only the flourish and does not

fully understand the tactical moves that make it possible.

Of course, the success of a bullfight—and, consequently, the effectiveness of the geometric laws that govern it—depends entirely on the combative instincts of the fighting bull (*opposite*), a wild animal bred to charge anything in sight that moves.

A ferocious bull must have his attention fixed (and kept) on the muleta or cape. The maneuver shown below not only accomplishes this but makes it possible for the matador to test the bull's intentions and to gain ground himself between charges. That is the only time the matador may move. During the charge itself, both art and geometry demand that he remain virtually immobile from the hips down, as *Manero Uno* Antonio Ordóñez demonstrates on the following pages.



*The fundamental geometric maneuver of the bullfight, performed here by the author, is do-blancos con el toro, or "dovetailing the bull." Both cape and muleta passes are based on this tactic, in which the bull travels a sweeping figure eight in reversing his charges. This enables the matador to move forward with each pass, an essential in dominating the bull, while at the same time conserving the animal's energy.*

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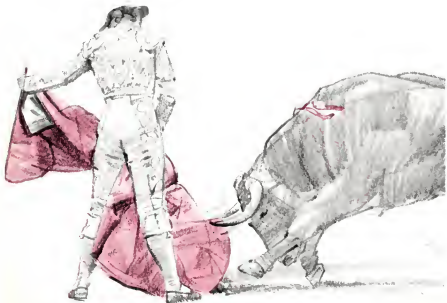
## The invisible rectangles of the verónica

The bullfight is a drama in three acts, each different from the others but all sharing certain geometric patterns. In Act I the newly arrived bull is first induced to pursue zig-zagging assistants, then is put under control by the matador with the beautiful, flowing cape passes and finally is persuaded to charge the picadors. In Act II the *banderilleros* make their high-flying contribution to the drama (right)—a final preparation for Act III, in which the matador uses the muleta to complete his domination of the bull and then kills him.

The running and pieing need not concern us here; both are essential, but their patterns are first-year geometry at best. Not so the cape passes. There are several, but the most simple, the most beautiful—and the most difficult—is the *verónica*. As Antonio Ordóñez does it, the *verónica* seems so fluid as to have no bones ("plastic beauty" is a phrase sometimes used to describe this effect). Actually, the pass

is based on the figure eight shown on the preceding page. It consists of three exquisitely timed cape movements by the bullfighter, all designed to deflect the charging animal from an imaginary rectangle in which the matador stands (his "terrain") to a parallel rectangle a hairbreadth away (the bull's "terrain"). Thus the matador opens the cape as the bull drops its head to charge, lowers the cape after the charge is deflected in order to pass the bull as close as possible and then slowly lifts it again to send the bull away. In a clean pass, the bull's horns encounter only air.

As the bull turns to renew the attack, the matador steps forward and to one side, onto the terrain just abandoned by the animal, and does the whole thing all over again. To make geometry work for him, the bullfighter must advance as he links his passes (diagram, lower right). If he steps back and lets the bull move through his rectangle he is in trouble—the crowd will know it and, worse, so will the bull.





*Secret of the banderillas is the semicircular course followed by the banderillero as he prepares to place his colorful darts. Unprotected by cape or cloth, he gets the bull's attention from the center of the ring (diagram below) and then runs either to left or right in a slightly curved line. The bull, moving to head him off, must constantly change direction to keep his target in view; the banderillero, if his calculations and timing are correct, places the sticks just as he crosses the contrary, or far, horn (above) and gracefully spins away, unscathed.*





## The faena and the new spheres of action

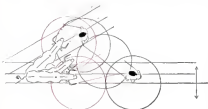
The third and final act of the drama of the bullfight is the *faena*, in which the matador uses the muleta to link a succession of passes that lead directly to the death of the bull. Perhaps the most famous muleta pass is the *suavidad*. Antonio Ordóñez demonstrates it here, his feet planted, his left hand sweeping the muleta across his body from the right and taking the bull with it, while the sword is held in his right hand.

Is the skeleton of action beneath the rush of bull and flow of fabric here the same as it was in the *serenica*, or is it different? It is both. As the matador prepares to begin

a series, he lines up with the bull's inside horn, establishing the rectangle of his own terrain. This time, instead of the cerise-and-yellow expanse of the cape, it is the red muleta—extended forward toward the bull's far, or contrary, horn—that must incite the charge and then deflect the animal into the waiting (if imaginary) rectangle of its terrain.

In the diagram you will note that in addition to the rectangles there are circles around both bull and bullfighter. These are called "the spheres of action," and the most significant change in bullfighting in this century concerns the discovery that these two circles could be made to overlap when citing the occasional bull that makes only a half charge. In the old days the matador rarely advanced beyond the imaginary point where the spheres touch except to dance from horn to horn—never to attempt a classic pass. But the great Juan Belmonte found that he could enter the bull's sphere at an angle of about 45°, keeping his profile toward the animal, taking short, firm steps and pausing after each one to keep the bull's attention centered on the muleta. Although the spheres thus are overlapped and each step brings the muleta nearer to the bull, the two terrain rectangles do not cross, but shift equally. This daring combination of geometric forms has enabled hundreds of matadors (among them the incomparable Manolete) to pass difficult or cowardly bulls that once were considered unworkable.

**CONTINUED**







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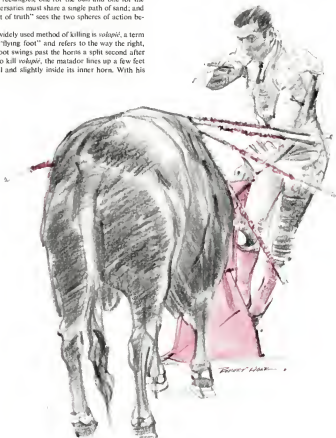
## The rectangle the bull and matador share

The *faena* is of no certain length, but continues to a point that might be called an intersection of intangibles—the point where the bull's (diminishing) physical strength crosses the line of his increasing knowledge. The matador must determine when this moment has arrived, and then kill cleanly and quickly. Here, as in the earlier maneuvers, success or even survival depends on precision as well as courage. For here the various geometric forms merge: instead of two rectangles, one for the bull and one for the man, the adversaries must share a single path of sand; and the "moment of truth" sees the two spheres of action become one.

The most widely used method of killing is *volapié*, a term that means "flying foot" and refers to the way the right, or trailing, foot swings past the horns a split second after the thrust. To kill *volapié*, the matador lines up a few feet from the bull and slightly inside its inner horn. With his

left profile toward the bull, he brings the sword to shoulder level and sights along the blade. He moves forward, sweeping the muleta toward the bull's contrary horn (as Ordóñez is doing below) and lunges directly over the horns, driving the sword straight down between the bull's shoulder blades. Thus, with one swift thrust, the matador unites the last of the imaginary circles.

END





## *can you tell which Tempest is the tiger?*

*Easy. The one on the right gets its power from Tempest's "4"—you know, the 4 that runs around acting like a V-8. So you have to call it a tiger. The other one has Tempest's new 326-cubic-inch, 260-h.p. V-8 under the hood. That's good for two tigers. At least. (Optional at extra cost. Grr.) Both give you Pontiac's Wide-Track stability. Which are you going to get? Your Pontiac dealer can help you decide.*

**Wide-Track Pontiac Tempest**

Pontiac, Buick, Oldsmobile & General Motors Corporation



If you want to know what all this jazz is about piranhas, I'll tell you. You're clearly not with it unless you've at least seen some film on how a school of these fish can reduce a cow to gleaming bones in a few tense minutes.

Everyone's heard of them. Few have seen them. I caught a piranha's act in a New York pet shop 10 years ago. I was dully staring into a fish tank at a lone, small fish, with no intention of buying it (I like a pet you can have a conversation with, like a dog), when the owner of the store came over to me, washing his hands in the air. He told me the fish was the Dreaded Piranha and, as long as it was feeding time, would I like to see it feed? I would, I guess, but not watching a small fish eat its lunch wouldn't have ruined my day. I wouldn't have let it. But I could see that the owner was anxious to express something to me, so I told him that I would very much like to see his fish eat.

Instantly he produced a smaller fish from somewhere, probably his pocket, and placed it in the tank. As the fish settled into the lower left-hand side of the tank, it stopped all movement, as though caught in hardening Jell-O. Then, and I'm not too sure of this, I think its eyes widened. The piranha didn't so much as flicker a fin but remained glued to the upper right-hand corner of the tank. Next, two things happened: 1) the piranha was face to face with the other fish, a move I couldn't see, and 2) after a pause, it ate the other fish. I couldn't see that, either, it was a type of speed and accuracy I wasn't aware existed in nature. Television commercials were not so richly developed then as they are today, especially the Scientific Demonstrations. I realized that I had just seen a thumping good one for piranhas. A man in a white duster had elegantly demonstrated how a Piranha-brand Fish compared with X-brand Fish. I never forgot the point.

So was it any wonder that a few weeks ago at the head of the Taponahone River, in Surinam near the Brazilian border, my eyes lit up? I had just been told by Mori, my Bush Negro boatman, that I must take care washing myself in this water because of the *pyon*. It's not often

## HOW TO EAT A PIRANHA BEFORE IT EATS YOU

by GARDNER MCKAY



Actor Gardner McKay saw his first piranha 10 years ago in a fish tank. Recently, on a one-man expedition in the South American jungle, he had a chance to catch one. Here's how he prepared for it (above), caught it and cooked it (opposite)

we can reach out and satisfy a whim so easily. The next morning my assault team paddled downstream from the village of Granbóri in our dugout canoe. We were a three-man squad. In the bow was Boengmöröme, a boy of the village. Since the villagers don't keep track of time, I'd have to classify him as from 7 to 10 years old. We called him Boy and, as far as I knew, he couldn't speak. In the stern we had Moi (rhymes with boy), a good man to have in the rapids and the falls, a tireless worker who, as far as I knew, *could* speak but didn't have a good grip on any language, including his own. Communication among us was shaky but friendly.

I sat amidships with hooks, lines, bait and cameras. I'd fished four-inch hooks to stout nylon line and wound a seizing of copper wire several inches up, forming a leader. We each had a line. Moi had found some live *ariba*, a fish, I noted gleefully, that looked exactly like the X-brand Fish the man had used in the pet shop so many years ago. And just to sow things up, I cut a hunk of ripe sausage I'd bought several weeks before in French Guiana. It was an Olida Sans Pareil. I also had a Jamaican cigar band in my pocket for luck. This was an irresistible combination: the fish wouldn't stand a chance. I don't like a one-sided match but, let's face it, I had to use these fish work. We slid downstream.

Around the first bend we pulled the canoe onto some rocks by a dark swirling eddy and began to fish. We fished there a long time, possibly 10 minutes, before Moi indicated that we should push on. We found a similar place where the water was deep, fished awhile and moved on. And again. And again. And again. It was like going down a long hill and quickly checking the rooms on either side to see if anyone was in there. Apparently, if a piranha was there, it took your bait. No protocol, no addressing the water and serving out invisible line from an excellent reel. None of that. This was a fish that ate cows when they were available, and it was looking for you just as much as you were looking for it. The only trouble was there weren't any around.

I could feel the air getting warm, the sun was high. Maybe they had all gone downstream. Maybe they were all trying to get into the movies. There would be a film titled *The Prince of the Piranha People*. I went over to the bank and

stood in the shade. When I came back I saw that a crab was dining on my bait, and I dutifully photographed that incident. I was really short of material. We moved again. I gave the sausage to Boy. The *ariba* were nearly gone. Then I did something I've seen good Venezuelan fishermen do. I pressed a *ariba*'s head between my thumb and index finger so that it would swim slowly—which is what it did. It swam slowly away. Moi and Boy looked over at me, but it wasn't worth explaining.

A quiet comes over this jungle at midday. It is a time when everything stops, when the monkeys sleep and the parrots knock it off for a while. Even the nearly continuous buzzing dies away to silence. It is a strong silence, you are in the center of a highly acoustical area that is surrounded by a deep, nonacoustical jungle. It would be like putting blankets up on the walls and the ceiling of an indoor swimming pool. You'd probably never get to hear the silence, though, because your wife or your swimming coach would come in after you'd gotten two blankets in place and ask you what you thought you were doing.

**W**e withdrew. We paddled back up to Granbóri, beaten but unshamed. We would try again in the afternoon. I had a three-hour lunch back in my hut. That's around four minutes of preparing and eating food and around three hours face up in the sack. You sleep well in the jungle, and I awoke inspired, a new man, ready for the assault. I grabbed the head of a *pukira* (wild pig) I'd shot. I saw in my mind a hundred crazed piranhas nipping it to a grinning skull while my Boles 16 absorbed the action in full color.

We assembled at the boat. There was nothing to say. Technically, there *wasn't* anything we could say to one another anyway. Moi looked a little bored, but I could tell we were ready. This was it. The pig's head had been in a bucket for only a day and a half, but I was very glad to get it under water. I tied it by the tusks with woven nylon line and chummed the water around it with pieces of the meat. I set up the Boles and waited. At a distance I could see Boy (by now I was sure he didn't even have a tongue) crushing some gray leaves and holding them under the surface of a dark, shallow pool. I half wondered what he was doing and turned back to my rotting *pukira* head. After a while Moi came over and stood beside Boy with one of

the seven-foot Trio Indian arrows held a little above the water. These arrows weigh three ounces. Moi half crouched and moved the arrow, following something in the water. Then he threw it—down, straight, fast. It stopped upright and swung back to Moi, who pulled out of the water a prehistoric-looking fish called the *worowara*, which the piranha is supposed to like better than anything, even better than the X-brand Fish. The plant that Boy had used, I learned, was *mekae* and acts as a sedative to fish in the area. When that *worowara* was speared, it was practically taking a siesta. Obviously, my rocket squad had really gone into action.

We moved on, then glided noiselessly to a stop at a final rock. A little too dramatically, I thought, but I guess you can't overfish when you are trying to out-think a piranha. We baited our hooks and separated. Moi's line and mine were instantly out, and it was then that I first had a feeling there were fish out there. Boy pulled his line with the new bait intact, swung it well out and brought it slowly in. I watched him carefully. This was our last hook. When the line was still well out he got his bite and, as he hauled the line in, he started a very long sentence which didn't end until he'd baited a 15-inch piranha, bloodred-eyed and with two perfect rows of teeth.

When I was through photographing the fish from every known angle, I whacked into its skull with my machete and went about removing our only hook from its lower jaw. I held the mouth open with a Kienel & Piel sheath knife, an adequate blade. As it held the jaw, the blade was bent back against itself. Moi told me the fish could break legs. I went along with him there. After that, the piranha fish pretty quietly in the bottom of the boat and just barked. I don't mean it went "werf, werf," like a sheep dog, but it was a bark, all right, about as loud as average speech.

I caught the next piranha, a duplicate of the first, and after that the line was cut, so we paddled back to Granbóri. I cooked my piranha in the tradition of these forests: a grate of green sticks high above the flames, and the fish, cleaned and cut from the top, laid out on the sticks for at least two hours. It tastes terrible, but it keeps for days. Moi and Boy made fish chowder with wild peppers out of the other piranha, which tasted great. Next day I went back for the *pukira* head and found only the tusks. It must have been a good fight. **END**



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Falcon Sprint wins all six timed test sections of the icy Monte Carlo Rallye, takes first and second in class in the most savage winter trial of total performance ♦

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**AN "UNTRIED" CAR** and an "unknown" Swedish driver—40-year-old Bo Ljungfeldt—come to the Monte Carlo finish line after a drive that stunned the Rallye world. The Sprint led every car, including all the sports cars, and won "La Seine et l'Orse" cup in final 490 mile Alpine leg.

(far left) **STRAIN OF FOUR DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS** of continual driving shows on London's Peter Jupp and Detroit's Frank Jarman, here signing the second Sprint into l'Ecrasene control. Jarman faces the last and worst of the six timed sections, the heart-stopping Col St. Roch.

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## From the Near East to the Far West

**The Arabian is now a popular  
U.S. breed and his own  
show is a first-rate affair**

A hundred years ago camels plodded the Arizona desert, brought there at the urging of Edward Fitzgerald Beale and Jefferson Davis, who thought they would be ideal work animals in the area. Davis, of course, is remembered for other matters; Beale, perhaps because he was a Navy man, was able to claim some success for his "ships of the desert." But ultimately the venture proved a failure—horsemen did not like the camels' rolling motion, and they were not popular with ranchers because they frightened the other animals. Today, however, another native of the Middle East thrives within sight of Phoenix's Camelback Mountain: the Arabian horse. There are some 250 parhreds in this 20-mile area, probably the most concentrated breeding place of fine Arabians in this country.

Oddly, many of the Arabians now prospering on luxurious Arizona ranches have not been brought directly from one desert to another. They or their ancestors first traveled from Arabia either to Poland or England before coming here. On Bob Aste's Desert Arabian Ranch the oldest Polish import, a 25-year-old stallion named Lotnik, is still getting foals. Lotnik's route to Arizona was truly circuitous. He was "liberated" from his German captors by General George Patton, sold at auction with a lot of army horses, and finally obtained by Aste in payment of a feed bill. Seventeen more Polish-bred Arabians arrived last week, chosen by Scottsdale breeders from photographs taken by one of the Arizonians during a recent tour. So far there have been no complaints from "The Committee to Warn of the Arrival of Communist Merchandise on the Local Business

Scene," a group that usually flies into action at the sight of a Polish ham on a market shelf, but such protests would not unduly alarm the breeders. The horsemen are more interested in bloodlines than party lines.

The Arabian's popularity springs partly from his looks and disposition and partly from his name—the very word Arabian stirs the imagination to visions of plunging stallions and romantic scenes. Actually, many of the stallions are so gentle that women and children ride and show them without difficulty. They are relatively small, averaging between 14 and 15 hands. This size appeals to many owners who like to keep Arabians as pets and companions as well as mounts. Their backs are short—they have one to three less vertebrae than other horses—their tails are carried in a lofty, natural arch, and they have a bigger brain cavity than other horses. Breeders say this accounts for their high intelligence. A large eye, a slightly dished face and a dainty muzzle compose the classic head beloved by romantic painters of horses. "After you've been around Arabians," says Guy Stillman, president of Scottsdale's All Arabian show, "no other horse looks pretty."

Some 300 of these handsome animals, from 19 states, gathered last week for Scottsdale's eighth annual All Arabian Horse Show, held at the McCormick Ranch. Mrs. Anne McCormick was one of the Arabian pioneers in Arizona and has built a showground, complete with barns, a large ring and grandstands that are used solely for this event. More than 18,000 spectators watched over the four days as the Arabians were jumped, driven, ridden in English, Western and Arabian native attire, and also worked as cutting horses to demonstrate that the breed is not only decorative but also highly adaptable. California-owned horses carried off most of the honors, while Arizonians bit the bullet, smiled and claimed to be pleased that the out-of-staters were enjoying themselves. Mrs. Inez Donner of Elsinore, Calif., was the most celebrated winner on the showground. Her handsome chestnut stallion, Muzulmann, shown by her husband Charles, was declared the grand champion stallion. A 6-year-old, Muzulmann was purchased, via correspondence, in Poland in 1961. Mrs. Donner has grown extremely fond of him—so much so that at first she did not want to bring him to the show. "I couldn't have borne it," she said, "if the judges had passed him by." **END**

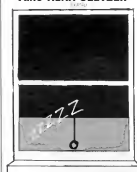
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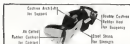


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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

## A coup isn't hard to do

Too many bridge plays have formidable names. They sound so erudite that the average man is convinced he could never learn how to use them. Yet most of these maneuvers were originated right at the bridge table when logic made it plain that doing anything else would be foolish. What is more, they are simple enough. Take the Vienna Coup for instance—the unusual play that first sets up an opponent's high card and then squeezes him out of it. Without ever knowing its name, you might work it out for yourself if you met it in the circumstances declarer encountered in the hand below.

Of late, the cue bid in the opponent's suit has come to be used in so many different ways that the onetime universal and simple meaning has been lost—first-round control of the opponent's suit and a good hand. Most players would be better off if they confined its use to that. Sometimes, however, a little stretching

of the truth is in order because the cue bid is the best available. North was in such a situation in this case. His hand surely warranted reaching at least a game. If no other bid were available, he would have to bid four hearts. But this would give up all hopes of slam, and it would also give up the possibility of finding a four-four fit in spades that might produce one or two more tricks than a heart contract.

After North's cue bid, South jumped in hearts to show that

he had a maximum hand for an overall. North checked on aces via Blackwood and then went to slam. If South had one fewer black card and one more diamond, the slam would have been a laydown. Even with the cards South held, the odds favored making the slam. South needed a favorable split in spades or a successful finesse in clubs, or something. Fortunately for declarer, he relied upon the "or something."

East won the first trick with his king of diamonds and returned the jack of spades. This augured ill for the possibility of the spade break that would allow South to discard a club on dummy's fourth spade. But East's opening bid virtually exposed the club king in his hand, since without that high card his strength must be well short of opening-bid requirements. Thus South was clearly warned that the normal plays for the slam would fail.

Consequently, instead of ruffing his remaining diamond, drawing trumps and testing out the spades, then falling back on the club finesse if the spades didn't break, South cashed dummy's ace of clubs. After coming back to his hand with a heart, he ruffed his diamond loser, then ran off all his trumps. East could keep all of his spades only by discarding the club king—which he did as soon as North discarded the queen of that suit. But South produced the jack of clubs and that was the slam. It was also the Vienna Coup. **END**

|                              |  |               |  |
|------------------------------|--|---------------|--|
| <i>Both sides vulnerable</i> |  | NORTH         |  |
| <i>East dealer</i>           |  | ♠ A Q 5 4     |  |
|                              |  | ♥ K 10 8 5    |  |
|                              |  | ♦ 3           |  |
|                              |  | ♣ A Q 8 7     |  |
|                              |  | WEST          |  |
|                              |  | ♠ 4 3         |  |
|                              |  | ♥ 7 4         |  |
|                              |  | ♦ J 10 9 4 2  |  |
|                              |  | ♣ 5 6 5 4     |  |
|                              |  | EAST          |  |
|                              |  | ♠ J 10 9 8    |  |
|                              |  | ♥ 2           |  |
|                              |  | ♦ A K 8 7 6   |  |
|                              |  | ♣ K 10 3      |  |
|                              |  | SOUTH         |  |
|                              |  | ♠ K 7 2       |  |
|                              |  | ♥ A Q J 9 6 3 |  |
|                              |  | ♦ Q 8         |  |
|                              |  | ♣ J 2         |  |
|                              |  | EAST          |  |
|                              |  | 1 ♠           |  |
|                              |  | PASS          |  |
|                              |  | PASS          |  |
|                              |  | PASS          |  |
|                              |  | SOUTH         |  |
|                              |  | 1 ♥           |  |
|                              |  | PASS          |  |
|                              |  | PASS          |  |
|                              |  | WEST          |  |
|                              |  | PASS          |  |
|                              |  | PASS          |  |
|                              |  | NORTH         |  |
|                              |  | 2 ♠           |  |
|                              |  | 4 NT          |  |
|                              |  | 6 ♥           |  |

Opening lead: jack of diamonds



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## The land of the nonbreaking curve ball

The luxurious extras that make spring training a spa for most ballplayers are missing from the Colt .45s' bleak camp in Arizona, where the ghost of an old prospector walks in the rarefied air

*In the Arizona desert,*

*Stands a guard of earth and stone,  
Mighty Superstition Mountain,  
With its mystery and its gold.*

*A minor out prospect?*

*Found his fortune and his fame,  
Found the gold of Superstition—  
Just plain Dutchman was his name.*

In the worn, gingerbread ball yards in the South and the West, where big league baseball comes once a year, spring training is an uncorrupted ritual. And part of that ritual has always been the playing of our national anthem.

But not at Geronimo Park in Apache Junction, Ariz. Here the day's battle is joined by the scratchy voice of Walter Brennan, reciting the folk ballad, *Dutchman's Gold*. No disrespect is really intended to one's country or to baseball. But long before Apache Junction became the springtime home of the Houston Colt .45s, it was the home of Superstition Mountain and the Lost Dutchman's gold mine, supposedly hidden in those mysterious hills.

The residents of Apache Junction cling to their legends and raw western traditions, partly because there is little else. But now this barren, rustic Arizona resort town is at once baseball's new, and perhaps last, frontier. Immortalized in song and story, Superstition rises

above it, in the distance beyond center field in Geronimo Park. Since 1900 at least 50 persons have died violently there in the mountains, that is, not center field, although the Colts had one or two close calls last spring. The 50 died seeking the lost treasure of Jacob Walz, the man described in the ballad above as just plain Dutchman.

Houston's sophomore team is training in circumstances unlike any of its fellows. No other big league players rough it quite so much as the Colt .45s, who train in the desert, under a sky so high that all outfielders curse it. They are far removed from the simple pleasures of life, such as a motion picture theater (18 miles away) and a dog track (35 miles away). More than 2,000 miles from Florida's white, sandy beaches, spring training has returned to Sparta.

In other years and other places, spring training had seemed almost a reward to the players for signing their contracts. Most teams congregated along the Florida seashore, where the players' wives could relax on the beach, and newsmen could protect their tender skins under the sheltering palms. The public expected its heroes to train in such exotic settings, just as it expected movie stars to dress well and marry often.

But Apache Junction defies all the popular notions of spring training. The very name rolls angrily off the tongue.

Compare, if you can, the softness, the cooling sounds of Palm Beach, of Sarasota, of Clearwater. Time drags its heels through the sand in Apache. To the west, Mesa is 20 minutes away. Phoenix almost an hour. It is a 45-minute drive to the statue of Tom Mix on the highway to Tucson.

There is hardly any fishing, no loiling on the beach, no watching honied beauties wiggle by in bikinis. Last year when Owner Roy Hofheinz first took the Colts to Apache Junction, what the players did mostly was complain. The fielders couldn't follow the ball because of the high sky, a sort of optical illusion caused by the lack of a proper background—no trees or buildings, just flat desert land. Once the ball is above the fence, it's all sky, blue and cloudless.

Pitchers complain because, in the dry Arizona air, they can't break a sweat and the ball carries. So do their voices. The players must tend to their language, which is a nuisance, because every indecorous word can be heard in the stands.

One of the few Colts to find Apache Junction attractive a year ago was Clint (Scrap Iron) Courtney, who in his catching days with the Browns and the Senators was a leader of lost causes. Courtney is now a player-coach in Houston's minor league chain. In the off season he farms and ranches at Hall Summit, La., where the folks put heavy store

*continued*

APACHE JUNCTION VISTA: THE FIELD, SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN, AND MORE SKY THAN MOST BALLPLAYERS EVER DREAMED OF



by one's ability to suffer and sacrifice. "I lak it heah," announced Courtney one day, picking his teeth with a cactus needle. "A man oder be able to keep his mind on baseball." Courtney killed a rattlesnake one afternoon in the parking lot at Geronimo Park, bludgeoning it with a fungo bat.

Most baseball teams in spring training are distracted by what the managers refer to as camp followers, and they are almost always girls. But not the Colt .45s. What follows them is a character named Superstition Joe, a grizzled old prospector of unknown age and origin, who rode down out of the hills one morning last March to see what he could see.

Joe is so much a caricature of a gold prospector that he has to be genuine. His ten-gallon hat is faded and frayed, worn stovepipe style. His silver-gray beard is the texture of Brillo, and there are tobacco stains at the corners of his mouth. He is short and haw-legged. He is, truth to tell, a poor man's Gabby Hayes.

No one knows much about Superstition Joe, or how long he has been seeking his poke in the mountains. But he took a liking to the Colt .45s and visited them regularly, watching and seldom saying a word. Once he let Bill Giles, the Colt publicity man, borrow one of his mules so Manager Harry Craft could pose astride it, waving a pair of six-shooters in the sky.

By the time the Colts left Apache Junction, with a record of 14-7 against big league foes, the writers were calling Craft "the Desert Fox." The Colts even won the honorary Cactus League title and went on to finish eighth in their first season—which was two notches higher than anyone said they would. Craft decided that Apache was a handsome training site, free of distractions and ideal for purposes of turning soft muscles hard.

Houston's second spring period is not, of course, proving as severe as the first. At this time a year ago the .45s still viewed Apache Junction with suspicion, as if expecting at any moment to have an arrow go twanging through their batting helmets.

Even Willie Mays of the Giants dropped a fly ball last spring in an exhibition game at Geronimo Park. Al Spangler, Houston's left fielder, dropped so many that Paul Richards, utterly exasperated, brought in a specialist to hit high fungoes

to him for two hours every afternoon for one week, by Spangler's count 148 fly balls a day.

When writers covering the team harped on the failures of his outfield—supposedly the team's strong point—Manager Craft challenged them: "I'll bet you that none of you could get out there and catch four out of 10." One of the writers offered to make Craft the same wager about one of his outfielders. "No bet," growled Harry.

There are no taxi or bus services in Apache, and because of the transportation problems the players spend long hours at such frivolous pursuits as ping-pong, shuffleboard and cards. Players without personal autos hitchhike or walk the two miles over a dirt road to the ball park. They save time by cutting through the prairie, which is vacant except for snakes and wild rabbits.

#### Lizards in the brush

Pitcher Dick Farrell bought a pair of low-top work boots, armed himself with a .22 pistol and hiked daily through the sand and underbrush. In Texas, boxers who tote .22s are dealt with severely. But in Arizona pitchers are allowed to carry sidearms. At the end of spring training, Farrell's box score included four jackrabbits, two lizards, one snake, one quail and about 300 broken beer and whisky bottles. Craft never was able to track down the source of those bottles.

For all their grouching, the Colts are as proud of Apache Junction as the Marines are of Parris Island. It is a romantic sort of place, and stories about it flourish, none more intriguing than that of the actual coming of the Colts. In the winter of 1960 the .45s were scouting around for a spring training base, inspecting several cities. Gabe Paul, then the general manager, visited Apache Junction on a suggestion from Paul Richards, then managing Baltimore. What Gabe didn't know was that Richards had invested in real estate there. What Richards didn't know was that a year later he would succeed Gabe Paul as general manager of the new Houston club.

Actually the .45s could, with only a small twinge of conscience, claim to be the first baseball team in history to have a town created for it. Apache Junction was already there, of course, but the .45s put it on the map as neatly as an autograph on a new ball. The town, not yet incorporated, was 3 years old and struggling when the Colts entered the scene. To attract them the town agreed to build

a compact but stylish new park, at a cost of \$100,000.

The survival of the town depends, eventually, on its ability to attract tourists, and it has been obvious for some time that the Dutchman couldn't do it alone. The town fathers saw the Colt .45s as the vehicle they needed. "People in the East," predicted one, "will be reading the dateline, and they'll remember it. I can just hear them broadcasting exhibition games from here around the country: 'It's a balmy day in Apache Junction, 70° and a cool breeze.'" He was daydreaming in the spring, of course. In the summer it gets to be a balmy 120, and during peak months of July and August cool water has to be brought in from Phoenix. It arrives at a frosty 93°.

Five years ago Apache Junction was exactly that—a junction of Apache trails, just cactus and sagebrush and wasteland, where once Geronimo's fierce braves roamed. But now the relentless Arizona real estate boom has embraced it, and there is talk of another Scottsdale, the swinging city 30 miles away that a decade ago was more desolate than Apache Junction. In the dead center of Apache's craggy landscape sprawls a modern swank motel, last year the Superstition 180, now less romantically called the Marshall Inn. It contains 146 rooms, a kidney-shaped swimming pool, a playground for tots and riding stables.

The legend of the misplaced treasure lode figures strongly in the place, the décor of which is pure frontier. There's a Lost Dutchman Dining Room, a Jake's Saloon and a Paladin Room, where the trail riders wash the dust from their parched throats with shots of red-eye. The joint is off limits to the players, but they walk by and occasionally press their noses against the glass. What else there is in Apache Junction you can find across the street: a bar, hash house, supermarket, a branch of the First National Bank of Arizona and a few business offices.

A year ago the population of the town was 2,500, mostly retired old folks and real estate agents. Yet when the Colts played their first intrasquad game in Geronimo Park, a crowd of 2,600 overflowed the stands. If you assume that no sensible person would drive the 35 miles from Phoenix to see the Colts play each other, then this means that 104% of the population of Apache Junction showed up for the game.

At times in early spring Superstition Mountain wears a light snowcap, and it makes a peaceful sight. Yet for more



than a hundred years seekers of the lost gold mine have been snooping around the mountain, stirring up the legend—and trouble.

The legend has it that a young Mexican named Carlos discovered the mine in the 1840s while fleeing the wrath of Don Miguel Peralta, the Mexican land baron whose daughter Carlos had seduced. Carlos stumbled upon the ore while hiding in the mountains from two Indians sent by Don Miguel to track him down. Later, trying to return to Mexico with enough gold to purchase Don Miguel's goodwill, he lost his footing in a rain-swollen stream. The heavy gold nuggets he carried made it difficult to swim, and Carlos drowned. He thus became the first of many to die because of the treasure.

But word of the mine spread, and years later three Mexican youths who had lived on the Peralta ranch showed it to a white-bearded prospector—Jacob Walz. He shot them all, and later five others, including his own nephew, to protect the secret of the mine. (The real estate business in Arizona is not nearly so cut-throat nowadays.) Walz's name has been spelled at least three other ways—Waltz, Walzer and Woltz—a practice that continues to this day in spring training, usually with rookies from Latin America.

When Walz died in Phoenix in 1891 he reportedly left a map, giving the location of the treasure. But all efforts to reach the mine failed, and the authentic map—if there ever was one—has long since vanished among countless fakes. So the Dutchman (who was really a German) apparently carried the secret of the mine to his grave and started the longest, bloodiest gold hunt known to the West. The people around Apache Junction claim that during the peak tourist season two bodies a month—cold bodies—are carried out of Old Superstition, strapped across the backs of burros.

Some die of their own carelessness. Some are shot by other prospectors, greedy and trigger-happy. Others are said to have been killed by a small, unapproachable band of Indians, still living a primitive mountain life and guarding the secret of what Jacob Walz called "the richest gold mine I ever heard of." No one has yet been killed by a line drive sailing out of Geronimo Park.

The Colt .45s have no hard rule against it, but they discourage their players from embarking on any impulsive gold hunts into Old Superstition. Bonus Babies, worth 50 grand and up, are absolutely forbidden to.

END



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**The  
Eleven  
Men  
Behind  
Cassius  
Clay**

innocent of prizefighting's bad old ways, these gentlemen hope by their example to put an end to the exploiting of boxers. They expect Clay to get rich—and to get a little bit richer themselves

by Huston Horn

In the salt-and-pepper-carpeted, walnut-paneled, fiber-glass-draped conference rooms of the law offices of Wyatt, Grafton & Sloss in Louisville, the meeting came to order—all business. Along the sides of the glossy, oblong table sat half a dozen captains of Kentucky industry—tobacco, whisky, horses, communications, transportation and banking—and at one end sat an attorney noted for his agility in the conundrums of tax law. An outsider stumbling in might have thought it the board meeting of any corporation tussling with its problems of management. He might, except for that anomaly shedding an irradiative light at the head of the table—a pecan-brown young Negro, the heir apparent to the throne of heavyweight boxing, The Louisville Lip, Mr. Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr. Why, of course. All in the world that was going on was a split of the spoils from Clay's third-round knockout of Charley Powell in Pittsburgh just days before. And the division was the mighty simple matter of dividing by two: half of the winner's share for Cassius (or \$7,165.75 before taxes), half for his 11 sponsors, those six prosperous-looking businessmen pulled up to the table and their five absent partners. Once this had been attended to, a few more matters were discussed, and presently everyone pushed back his chair and the meeting broke up in handshakes all around. They will not collect again on such a formal basis until sometime later this month. Then, it is fervently hoped by each, they will take their respective cuts of the winner's share of a Cassius Clay-Doug Jones fight scheduled for March 13 in New York City.

In a time when prizefighting is dominated by unhumb boxers and is beclouded by underworld shenanigans, misappropriated funds, government investigation and a generally sorrowful malaise, Cassius Clay and his backers are a unique and uplifting sight. Clay's fists and his big mouth are making the gates, and the 11 men are making a kind of boxing history. (Speaking of Clay's boastful talk, one of the 11 says, "We may find it exasperating, but not when we count the receipts.") Representative of

continued



Lawyer Bill Farnshaw (opposite) is close man for the group, and Russ Todd (right, in portrait) fronts them as the syndicate treasurer.

## The Eleven Men *continued*

an almost complete cross section of Louisville business, the buckers are, with one exception, millionaires or heirs to family fortunes, and they are so innocent of any background in professional boxing that when you say "uppercut" they think first of their income taxes. Yet they are giving boxing a fresh look. They have provided Clay an ideal, all-expenses-paid training program, they offer him the benefit of all their experience and business acumen, and they surround him with a substantial moral and ethical environment, a rare commodity in professional boxing. And since they are independently wealthy Clay is assured that he will never end up exploited and broke through any fault of theirs. By setting such an example the syndicate is encouraging other businessmen elsewhere to get behind boxing the way they have been behind baseball and professional football for years.

Legally syndicated and loosely interlocked by family, business, religion, horses and acquaintance, the 11 men call themselves The Louisville Sponsoring Group ("Please, try to avoid saying syndicate," says one member, shuddering), and taken one by one they constitute an interesting mixture of riches, position and personality.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM JR., 57, is a large, square, gravelly-voiced, stenographic man who, because he has a sports-page familiarity with boxing and because the idea of the syndicate was his in the first place, is Clay's manager of record. He is the glue that binds the syndicate to Clay and to Clay's trainer, Angelo Dundee.

An ex-actor, who sometimes reveals his past in histrionic mannerisms, Bill Faversham is the son of William Faversham, an English-horn actor who made a prominent name on the American stage in the first quarter of this century. Young Bill was sent to the best schools (St. Bernard's, Groton) and eventually enrolled in Harvard. "But after my freshman year Dad had spent all his money, and I dropped out, giving up an ambition to become a writer," says Bill Faversham. Instead, in 1926 he joined a theatrical company in Boston, later was a leading man for six months on Broadway. To keep himself in shape he regularly

worked out at Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's gymnasium in New York, sometimes sparred with a fellow named Spencer Tracy. "Then," says Faversham, "I gave up acting for good and went into the investment counseling business—in the summer of 1929, for heaven's sake." (Faversham's brother Philip is still an actor and can be seen on TV gunning ducks for Lucky Strike and suffering indescribable miseries before Dristan goes

certainly well off but not a millionaire.

Faversham's boys in all matters save the cure and feeding of Cassius Clay is WILLIAM LEE LYONS BROWN, 56, chairman of the board of Brown-Forman. Brown is a bearded, courtly man of pronounced southern charm and manner ("Ah wonder if you realize," he once said, "that Cassius Clay's aunt cooks for my double-first cousin?"), and the handwriting found on a bottle of Old Forester bourbon, "There is nothing better in the market," was penned by Brown's grandfather, George Garvin Brown.

Lyons Brown was educated at Kentucky Military Institute and won an appointment to the U.S. Naval Academy. At Annapolis he 1) was a heavyweight on the plebe boxing team, 2) severely injured his right leg in a cooling accident aboard the old battleship *Umb* and 3) after two years flunked out. He transferred to the University of Virginia, flunked again and joined his family's distillery as a board director and secretary. Nowadays Brown winters in Delray Beach, Fla., where he keeps a deep-sea fishing boat and a standby crew, and he buses himself with other business ventures from oil to cattle. Brown is a nephew of W. L. Lyons, who runs a stock-and-bond firm in Louisville.

A partner in that same firm is JAMES ROSS TODD. He's apple-checked and 26 and, as such, is the youngest member of the group (yet one of the richest). Ross Todd, unmarried, lives with his parents in a huge, granite-block Palladian mausoleum of a house called Rostrevor after Great-great-grandfather's home town in Ireland. A painting of Major General Sir Patrick Ross, a 19th-century warrior and a "great-great-something-or-other," hangs above the living-room mantle, hand on sword.

A descendant of old-line Kentucky affluence, Ross Todd is the only child of Jouett Ross Todd, an attorney. Ross says his folks made their money "wheeling and dealing." Jouett Todd is prominent, too, in Republican politics in Kentucky (the Prince of Nassau, the back-room boys call him behind his back, because of his habit of vacationing in the Bahamas). Ross is a fledgling wheeler-dealer himself, who became mixed up



*Edman Archie Foster's contacts in boxing led to the hiring of Trainer Dundee*

to work and decongests his eight sinus cavities.)

At the end of World War II Faversham found himself stationed in Louisville, a full colonel in the Air Force and a social friend of the town's influentials. Directly, his contacts paid off with a job at Brown-Forman Distillers Corp., makers of such exorcised pain relievers as Old Forester, Early Times and Jack Daniel's, and today William Faversham is vice-president in charge of sales in 18 states,

with Cassius Clay "because Daddy had enough on his mind without getting involved with prizefighting."

Ross went to Yale and holds a commercial pilot's license. He took up flying at college partly as a result of flying off a horse while drag hunting in Aiken, S.C. when he was 13. Ross hurt his back in the accident and had to give up school-boy athletics. He is the official treasurer of the Clay syndicate, but his father's secretary is paid to do the paper work.

Ross' Todd's godfather is VERTNER DE-GARMO SMITH SR. Vert Smith is also an old, old friend of Lyons Brown, having once been sales manager for Brown-Forman and having once, in partnership with Brown and two other men, owned a small stable of racehorses. The horses never got close to the Kentucky Derby, but Smith did as vice-chairman of the Kentucky State Racing Commission in the middle '40s.

A native of Louisville, Vert Smith, 69, wears glasses and a down-in-the-mouth expression. He is the antithesis of Clay's unflagging ebullience but, as he says, "Since Cassius doesn't smoke or drink or chase around, I can stand it." Still, Smith is a perfectly friendly and persuasive man and can prove it, because he has made a lot of money selling a lot of things: stocks and bonds and fire insurance, fraternity pins, table salt and whisky. His business now is selling liquor wholesale at a \$4.5-million-a-year clip and, naturally, he helps push the Brown-Forman line in Kentucky. Vert Smith used to box for exercise as a young man, and since Cassius Clay has come into his life he has read a "good book" about boxing, but he can't recollect its title.

ROBERT WORTH BINGHAM is 30, and the title on his door is Assistant to the Publisher. The publisher is his father, Barry Bingham, and the publications are Louisville's two newspapers, *The Courier-Journal* and *The Louisville Times*.

Worth Bingham, a long-faced, frank-talking young man, is now learning the advertising end of newspapering since he has just wound up a seven-year apprenticeship on the news side. He feels that his financial future is relatively secure but makes no bones about his hopes,

along the way, to reap a profit through his share in the Clay syndicate. Bingham was schooled in the East, in Europe and at Harvard, but he gave up boxing shortly after he was introduced to the sport in grade school. Now obliged to keep abreast of the professional game, he buys *The Ring* magazine each month at the Readmore Card Shop in downtown Louisville. He is valuable to the syndicate because he helps it get a good local



Worth Bingham is group's best publicist; must give clipped news both papers

press, and no wonder, but no one has yet worked out the sticky business of which paper has first dibs on the syndicate's press releases.

Public relations are also served to Clay and his backers by GEORGE WASHINGTON NORTON IV. Possum Norton, as he is called, is no kin to George Washington, but is distantly related, through his mother, to Martha. More useful to the syndicate is the fact that George IV's father owns the NBC-affiliated radio and

TV stations. (Barry Bingham, by the way, owns the CBS-TV affiliate.) Consequently, George, a 29-year-old Yaleman with prep-school (Taft) good looks is secretary-treasurer of WAVE-TV. Norton has high hopes for The Louisville Sponsoring Group, having already tasted defeat in two other sporting ventures. Because he is married to a daughter of a well-known Kentucky Thoroughbred breeder, Warner Jones, Norton once bought two racehorses. As it turned out, they couldn't run. Later he invested about \$1,000 in the Louisville Raiders, a professional football team. They were unable to keep pace with the United Football League and are defunct.

Now, a good friend of George Norton's father-in-law—through horse breeding—is PATRICK CALHOUN JR., who admits, "What I know about boxing you can put in your eye." What Pat Calhoun, a compact man with the sinister figure of Peter Lorre and the broad, open face of an Irish cop, knows about racehorses is something else, and the way he puts it is, "If a man is interested in horses he gets a little adventuresome spent in his blood and might as well put his trust in a fighter as a horse." Calhoun's trust in horses has been returned in satisfying ways. He used to race them with some success, and today he takes his ease on a 700-acre broodmare and cattle farm 18 miles east of Louisville. Now 71, Calhoun is the retired "and some sort of honorary" chairman of the American Commercial Barge Line, the largest inland boat company in the world. Yaleman Calhoun has been in the boat-building business since before World War I, when he was a bird of a different feather: he gave seat-of-the-pants flying lessons to U.S. pilots in France.

ELBERT GARY SUTCLIFFE introduces himself, if asked, as a "retired farmer." The fact is, says a friend, Sutcliffe could have retired the day he was born in Wheaton, Ill. 68 years ago. The reason becomes clear when one examines Sutcliffe's first two names: he is the grandson of Judge Elbert Gary, and both Sutcliffe and Gary, Ind. are named after the first chairman of U.S. Steel.

But before he retired, Sutcliffe went to Exeter, then to Centre College, that

*continued*

## The Eleven Men continued

stoned little school in Danville, Ky. that manufactured the football upset of the century in 1921 when it beat Harvard 6-0. After a year of "not applying himself," Sutcliffe dropped out of Centre, got married and went to work as a clerk for the Illinois Steel Co., then a U.S. Steel subsidiary.

Today, from behind his tortoise-shell glasses and faint, gray mustache Elbert Gary Sutcliffe looks out on the world with a wry benignity. He nurses a mild case of gout, which he depends upon to act up dutifully when he needs a social excuse, he describes his 300-acre estate outside Louisville on the Ohio River as a "dirt farm," and in the backyard lagoon of his winter home in Osprey on Florida's west coast near Sarasota he has a motorboat that he keeps tied fast to the dock. "I don't like it, I never use it," he says. "I got it just so people would hush telling me I ought to have a boat like everyone else in Florida."

Like his friend Calhoun, Sutcliffe says flutty he knows precious little about boxing and not very much about Cassius Clay, either. "I've just shaken hands with him, you might say," he says, you might say, elliptically. But in Danville, Ky., where Sutcliffe has another farm and is chairman of the board of trustees of Centre College, he has a barber friend by name of Either One Richardson. (In a quandary over what to call the baby boy, Richardson's parents asked his grandmother which of two names she favored. "I likes either one," she replied, and so he was christened.) "Either One knows Cassius," says Sutcliffe, "and he says he's a good boy. That's good enough for me."

Another man who winters in Florida (a Delray Beach neighbor of Lyons Brown) is J. D. STEPHEN COLEMAN. At any rate, he spends *some* of the winter there, having another home in The Plains, Va., another in Georgia and an apartment in New York. Built like Rocky Marciano, Coleman is pushing 60 but is a long way from running out of steam. He is chairman of a Florida bus company, chairman of a Georgia drug company, chairman of an Oklahoma oil company and an officer of an Illinois candy company, which his wife owns, to men-

tion a few of the irons in his fire. The son of a "damned good moneymaker" of a father and a mother who "cursed" him with four names (he refuses to divulge what J. D. stands for), Coleman was born in Macon, Ga. He was an all-sports athlete there, at Exeter and at Yale and today owns shares of the Los Angeles Angels and the Los Angeles Rams. He likes to invest his money in sports in general "because of the drama and because Wall

from old friends as far away as Australia. At such times, Bill Cutchins is tempted to wonder what on earth the world is coming to. "Frankly," he says, "the situation is pretty astonishing."

The grandson of a man who was a private in the Confederate army at 15, and the son of a lawyer, Cutchins was born in Richmond and went to school at Virginia Military Institute and Princeton. Along the way he played catcher for a semipro baseball team in Oxford, N.C. and hoped in the bargain to make it in the majors someday. "Then one day the Chicago White Sox were down to have a look," says Cutchins. "And as far as I know, one look was enough. If they saw anything they liked they never manifested that information to me."

With that dream dashed, Cutchins took a job at the Export Leaf Tobacco Co. in Richmond. Long interested in archeology, it was Cutchins' hunch that the company would send him to Asia and the Middle East—which it did and where he dug.

Once back in the U.S., Cutchins moved on to Brown & Williamson, began his career selling cigarettes to shopkeepers along the streets of Charleston, W. Va. Today, it is a pleasure to report, he is the No. 1 man (there is no chairman) in the company that makes Vice-roys and Raleighs. He is also president of the town's new ABC-TV station.

Bill Cutchins, a handsome man of 62 who looks like a president, talks like a president and works like a president who wants to remain one, was thinking about watching Vice-roy's thinking-man commercials on TV's *Naked City* the night he got a call from Bill Faversham inviting him over. Faversham said he had an idea about a syndicate to manage a young boxer named Cassius Marcellus Clay, of all things.

The man who helped plot the commercials Bill Cutchins never got to see that night is ARTHUR D. MCGHEE FOSTER. Archie Foster, 47, a senior vice-president of the Ted Bates advertising agency in Manhattan, is group leader for the agency's Brown & Williamson account, and no man ever walked out of Brooks Bros. who better looks the part. Husky-voiced and suave, Foster, as he



Top man at Brown & Williamson: Bill Cutchins was a catcher in semipro baseball

Street hasn't caught onto the idea yet," and he likes having money behind Clay because "we think we can keep him out of the financial trouble Joe Louis got into—which almost made me sick to see."

When WILLIAM SOL CUTCHINS was made president of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation a few years ago, not too many people took notice. But when the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* mentioned that he owned a piece of Cassius Clay, he got congratulatory telegrams

figures to be, is quite a friend of Bill Cutchins. On top of that, for four years before Clay turned professional, Foster had been responsible for Viceroy's co-sponsorship (with Miles Laboratories, Inc.) of the old *Widespread Night Fights* on the ABC-TV network. "So the group came to me because of my contacts in the light game," says Foster. "They had a fighter, but they weren't exactly sure what they were supposed to do with him. I began to get in touch with people and, you know, one thing led to another." The most important thing led to was Angelo Dundee, the man the syndicate hired to train Clay after an idea for Archie Moore to do the job failed to work out. ("Dundee is the best trainer and free-wheeling psychologist in boxing," says one of the 11, "and he's so clean he's practically antiseptic.") Another thing led to was an invitation to Foster to join the syndicate, which he was "delighted to accept."

Since there is a detectable thread of common interest running through the several syndicate members, the story of what brought them all together is half told right there. The complete story as remembered by Bill Faversham (like anything fading into history, the tale is already picking up minor contradictions) goes like this:

Shortly after Clay won the Golden Gloves heavyweight title in New York in the spring of 1960, Faversham was playing bridge in his home with Pat Calhoun, a friend since Colonel Faversham came to town. "It seemed logical that some day the boy would turn professional," Faversham says, "and while I'd never had such a thought in my life, it occurred to me that maybe a few of us ought to keep an eye on him. I said all this to Pat, and he just said 'Mmmm' and bid two hearts." In August of that year Clay won the gold medal in the light heavyweight division at the Rome Olympics. "Not long after that," says Faversham, "I read in the paper where a deal between Cassius and Billy Reynolds had fallen through. I decided we ought to make a move." The deal Faversham is talking about involved Clay and the executive vice-president of the Reynolds Metals Co. Billy Reynolds, a Louisville

millionaire, offered Clay a contract almost as fat as the one he now has from the 11-man syndicate, but Clay never signed it. The conflict arose over a Louisville policeman, Joe Martin, who had taught Clay to box when he was 12 years old and had introduced Cassius to Reynolds. When Reynolds said Martin would play a role in Clay's professional career, Clay's father, who doesn't like cops in general and Joe Martin in



*Pat Calhoun has worked in racing and pro football, is 71, and is expensive*

particular, squelched the whole thing.

"Well," says Faversham, picking up the thread, "the first thing I did that night was to call Pat Calhoun and Bill Cutchins." Calhoun got up from dinner, Cutchins turned off *Naked City* and an hour later, in Faversham's living room, the three of them were congratulating one another on the scheme they had just cooked up.

As Faversham saw it then, it would take about \$25,000 to launch Clay—

allowing for a \$10,000 bonus to get him to sign with them. (It actually took just under \$20,000 the first year.) Thus, Faversham felt, they ought to have at least two more members to spread the burden to \$5,000 apiece.

"Finding more was never the problem," says Faversham. "I called Vert Smith, another dear friend, right away. 'Vert,' I said, 'how are you and how would you like to buy a piece of a prize-fighter?' Vert heard me out and said maybe so but only on one condition: we had to ring Lyons Brown in, too. Vert said Brown was just naturally lucky, and with him a member the syndicate couldn't go wrong. So the next morning I went to my boss and put the idea to him. He said fine, and we were five."

That same evening, however, Elbert Sutcliffe dropped by Lyons Brown's house for a drink. Faster than you can knock out Floyd Patterson, the syndicate was six. "What the hell?" Faversham says he said on hearing that, "let's go to 10." Pat Calhoun called his horse-breeder friend Warner Jones, and Jones passed to his son-in-law, George Norton IV, Norton cornered Worth Bingham at a cocktail party, somebody else saw Jouett Todd, who turned the whole preposterous idea over to his son Ross, and Lyons Brown, an evangelist by now, got in touch with his Delray-Beach-and-oil-well buddy, Steis Coleman. With the exception of Archie Foster, who joined later to make 11, the job was done. About all that remained was to let Cassius Clay in on things. "I did that," says Faversham, "right here in my living room. The whole family dropped over for a talk, and we hit it off fine."

Now that the syndicate had a fighter and a pool of money (all but Faversham were asked to contribute \$2,800; as a reward for organizing everything, he got a free half share), it needed a contract. The best place to find one of those, it decided, was to get in touch with Gordon Byron Davidson, Billy Reynolds' attorney, who was mentioned in the news story Faversham had seen. "I got a call from Calhoun," says Davidson (who is, as you might expect by now, descended from George Gordon, Lord Byron). "and I said, 'Why sure, come on down.' After

—continued—

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## The Eleven Men

all, I had already drawn up a pretty good contract for Billy Reynolds, one of our clients, and I was perfectly willing to sell it a second time."

The contract Davidson drew up and the principals signed gave Cassius the \$10,000 bonus, a guaranteed minimum annual salary of \$4,000 for two years and \$6,000 for four years. Everything Clay earns, whether in the ring or in, say, personal appearances (he got \$500 for playing himself for one minute in the movie *Remain for a Heavyweight*), is

last year, for instance, came to \$27,000, or more than half of the syndicate's share of Clay's purses, Cassius—he goes first class." ("The public thinks we've made a lot of money, and Cassius thinks we've made a lot of money," says Vert Smith. "The fact is, each of us is still about \$1,000 in the hole.")

But just to make the contract even more attractive to Cassius—with regard to taxes, anyway—Davidson is currently drawing up a revision. Under the new terms Clay, who earned \$45,000 last year



Three old friends among Chickadees, Crowned King, West Gull and Parula are photographed at Brown's Forest still life, where Brown, who lives at Natick, is chairman of the board.

split 50-50 with the syndicate. Some of Clay's cut goes automatically into a trust fund in his name, and the syndicate pays all of Clay's expenses when he is in training out of its own. ("Expenses" translates to mean everything from \$125 a week for Angelo Dundee to the rent for a three-bedroom house in Miami the syndicate is providing for Clay and his family this winter and spring.) The syndicate has the option to renew the contract each year, and in October 1967, when it expires, the syndicate has first refusal should somebody offer Clay a more lucrative arrangement.

"That," says Davidson, "would be hard to imagine. If there is one thing these men are not, it is stingy. Expenses

and thus found himself in the uncomfortable clutches of the 62<sup>nd</sup>; income-tax bracket, would become a salaried employee of the syndicate. Instead of receiving his 50<sup>th</sup>, after every fight, he would get a guaranteed monthly salary taken from his purses plus a year-end bonus based on his earnings. After he has quit fighting (or reached 35) he will continue to draw a roughly equivalent salary for a number of years. "The effect," says Davidson, "is to make his high-earning years pump up the low-earning years and to keep him out of the upper tax brackets. Cassius hates taxes like poison [he asked Senator Ted Kennedy this winter to express his dissatisfaction to the head man], and if he wants to accept this new



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## The Eleven Men

contract I figure he can keep almost twice as much of his earnings as he can under present conditions. The syndicate's financial picture won't change, no matter what Cassius decides, but of course you couldn't find a group more sympathetic to the hurt of high taxes than these millionaires."

The group is sympathetic, too, to protecting its \$28,000 investment. Accordingly, it holds a \$30,000 insurance policy on Clay's life and a \$300,000 accident policy on him. Considering the fact that Clay has already been arrested twice for fast-driving his pink Cadillac (he likes to shadow-box an imaginary Sonny Liston while behind the wheel), nobody, except possibly the insurance company, feels the policies were a mistake.

Such matters as these, however, are left largely to Davidson and the group's executive committee—Faversham, Calhoun, Smith, Cutchins and Norion—and, indeed, the syndicate has never been able to assemble at full strength.

The mechanics of matchmaking and the methods of training are left pretty much up to Faversham and Angelo Dundee. On this score, Dundee opposed Faversham's idea for Clay to fight Alex Mitelf, and Faversham opposed Dundee's matching Clay with Archie Moore. The upshot was that neither was able to change the other's mind, but since Clay won both fights handily, Dundee and Faversham are even. Otherwise the balance of the syndicate tends to sit back and hope for the best. Says Dundee: "I never hear much from the others except occasionally one of the younger ones—wondered about his investment, I suppose."

Will ask me if Cassius is holding his left maybe a little too low or don't I think he is putting on too much weight too fast. But if anybody is boss of this boy, it's the contract. In all my years I've never known a fighter getting such a break as this."

The syndicate's physical participation in its heavyweight's career, then, is mostly confined to seeing as many of Clay's fights as they can (often flying to out-of-town sites in a Brown-Forman DC-3), and, to insure they are beholden to no one, they pay for their ringside tickets just like everyone else. "Some of us wouldn't

cross the street to see a concert," says Suscliffe, "but we'll go hundreds of miles to see Cassius in the ring." So far, the fights have also provided fine opportunities for victory celebrations (with everybody standing around smoking Viceroy's and drinking Jack Daniel's) and, as Cassius himself says, "they all get a chance to say to their friends, 'Come on over here and meet our boy, the next heavyweight champion of the world.'" "Even if we lost every cent," says Ross Todd, "I'd say we've already had \$2,800 worth of fun."

Of course, it doesn't hurt, as matters stand, that the syndicate has recouped all but \$10,000 of the total \$28,000 investment. (It spent \$9,000 more than it took in in 1961, but last year it made all that back.) Nor does it hurt that a Louisville doctor not long ago offered \$8,500 for one of those \$2,800 shares. Which brings up again the question of what reward the syndicate seeks.

"All we want to do is to see that Cassius winds up rich," says one man who has already wound up that way. "Our motive," says another, "is to do something for boxing at a time the sport needs help. And I think, in our own little way, we've done just that. We've shown it is not a sport that must be controlled by the underworld." And, says a third, thinking of a nice way to put it: "You know it doesn't hurt sales in the Negro market if some of Clay's sponsors happen to be strongly identified with—shall we say—consumer products."

"Let me give you the official line," volunteers a man who wants to remain in the shadows. "We are behind Cassius Clay to improve the breed of boxing, to do something nice for a deserving, well-behaved Louisville boy and, finally, to save him from the jaws of the hoodlum jackals. I don't know who composed that—maybe the executive committee—but I think it's beautiful. I think it's 50¢, true but also 50¢, hokum. What I want to do, like a few others, is to make a bundle of money. Why, do you know a Clay-Liston fight might gross a winner's share of \$3 million? Split that up and it comes out \$1.5 million for Cassius and \$1.5 million for the syndicate. Best of all, it comes out \$150,000 for me."

END

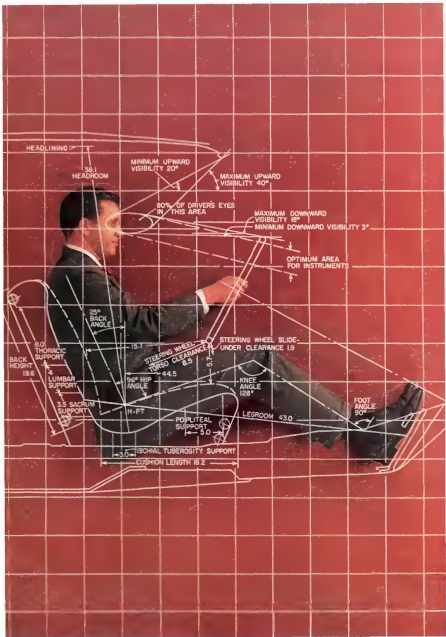


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# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

It is almost time for the NCAA championship tournament again, and coaches from Corvallis, Ore. to Durham, N.C. are trying to convince themselves that the name of this event should not be changed to the Missouri Valley Walker. The teams that will get a chance to try to keep Cincinnati from dancing away with its third consecutive national title have almost all been chosen (see page 25). Only the Big Ten, Big Eight, Big Six, Ohio Valley, West Coast and Ivy League have not settled their championships. The other 19 are ready, and they make up about as strong a field as ever set out with the single objective of beating one basketball team.

Meanwhile, New York's National Invitation Tournament, resigned to getting largely leftovers in the competition for tournament teams, rounded out its field with St. Francis of Brooklyn (16-6), Fordham (16-7), La Salle (16-7), DePaul (14-7), Villanova (16-8) and St. Louis (15-10). But the NIT has at least one showcase item: Wichita (19-7), which has beaten four NCAA choices (Cincinnati, Loyola of Chicago, Arizona State and Texas Western), is among its four seeded clubs. The others are Providence (19-4), Canisius (17-5) and Marquette (17-7).

## THE EAST

NYU Coach Lou Rossini sounded silly last week when he warned some highly skeptical listeners that anything can happen when New York City schools play each other. But he was right awfully. First, Manhattan's young ball handlers dashed in and out among NYU's bigger Violets and almost upset when had been considered the First's best team. Fortunately, Barry Kramer and Happy Hairston scored 55 points between them and NYU pulled it out, 78-77. But then Davidson got an early jump on NYU and almost did it. The Rams couldn't quite handle Kramer, who put in 35 points, and they grabbed the key rebounds, made the most of Bill Sheridan's 20-point shooting and upset the NCAA-bound Violets, 71-68.

Manhattan, too, had unexpected trouble. The St. John's winning game was backed up with some decent shooting for a change, and the Redmen beat the Jaspers, 76-63, in a fist-swamping battle. St. Francis, up in the air after its selection for the NIT, was shocked back to reality by a 71-62 loss to Seton Hall.

Although Providence led St. Joseph's by 12 points at half time, Coach Joe Mulvaney decided to change his defensive strategy. Fearing that his Friars would lose their hot hand and the taller Hawks might be able to capitalize on mismatches under the basket, Mulvaney shifted from a scrambling zone to

a man-to-man. The change worked just fine. St. Joe's never could get around to setting up an offense and, with big John Thompson shooting in 20 points and Jim Stone 18, Providence won easily, 81-64. But the Friars went back in the zone to beat Holy Cross 85-67. In the meantime, St. Joseph's regained its respectability against Dayton, downing the Flyers 70-63. La Salle, however, was the picture of utter futility against Villanova. The Wildcats immobilized La Salle's big men by shifting in and out of a variety of zone defenses, and Wally Jones, a deft guard, passed and shot the Explorers dizzy as Villanova ran off with the game, 63-47. Canisius, another NIT team, had an easy time beating St. Bonaventure 86-72.

Here it was March and the Ivy League race, supposedly between Princeton and Penn, was still in doubt, though Penn wasn't in it. Columbia, surprisingly, knocked the Quakers out of the running, 70-66. Princeton finished with an 11-1 record; with sophomore Bill Bradley, scored 72 points to lead the Tigers past Cornell 78-65 and Columbia 64-55. Yale, the defending champion but an unlikely contender in December, was only a half game behind Princeton after beating Dartmouth 80-55 and Harvard 56-52. Yale had only to beat Harts and again to force an Ivy League playoff. The Yankee Conference title was settled when Connecticut defeated Rhode Island 88-75. The top three:

1. PROVIDENCE (19-4)
2. NYU (19-3)
3. ST. JOSEPH'S (21-4)

## THE SOUTH

Georgia Tech had its hotel reservations at East Lansing, Mich., but Mississippi State broke its color-line policy (no games against Negroes), clinched its third straight South-eastern Conference title by beating Tulane, 78-67, and announced it would accept its rightful place in the NCAA regional playoff up north. Just hours later, State had to play a slow-down game for all it was worth to hold off old rival Mississippi at Oxford. But Joe Dan Gaid and Red Stroud finally put together enough points (43) to beat last-place Ole Miss 75-73.

Second-place Tech got word of Mississippi State's unexpected decision just before the Vanderbilt game in Nashville. Deheartened, Tech's offense sputtered, and it lost to Vandy 75-74. Auburn, after losing to Tennessee 55-47, beat Alabama 74-67 in overtime to tie Georgia Tech for second.

The Atlantic Coast tournament at Raleigh went almost as expected. Duke defeated Virginia 89-70 and North Carolina

continued



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the invention of the reaper. It was all over in the Mid-American, as Western Michigan upset Toledo 69-64 and gave the title to Bowling Green. The top three:

1. CINCINNATI (23-1)
2. OHIO STATE (19-3)
3. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO (24-2)

#### THE SOUTHWEST

There wasn't anybody who could stop Texas, though Rice thought, for a time, that it had the Longhorns down. With Kendall Rhine wheeling freely in the pivot (for 13 points), the Owls took a 34-29 lead at the half. But Texas clamped a tougher defense on Rhine, and he scored only five more points. Meanwhile, Jimmy Gilbert and Jimmy Clark began to shoot and the Longhorns won easily, 77-59. Arkansas foolishly tried to match the Texas speed, only to lose the race and the game, 99-86. It was the 13th straight Texas win, the best SWC mark in 39 years.

Arizona State figured to have it easy against Creighton, but it turned out to be a test in Tempe, especially after the Sun Devils lost Art Becker with an ankle sprain in the first half and Joe Caldwell on fouls with six minutes to go. ASU won, but just, 73-70. Houston, beaten by almost everybody lately, suddenly turned on Oklahoma City and edged the Chiefs, 75-73. The top three:

1. ARIZONA STATE (23-2)
2. TEXAS (14-0)
3. TEXAS WESTERN (19-0)

#### THE WEST

Utah State's Ladell Andersen likes to call Colorado State's Jim Williams his "big brother." They grew up in the same Idaho town and both of them learned their basketball at Utah State. Last week Coach Andersen had a surprise ready for big brother—a most unlikely zone defense. But the CSU guards shot over the zone and, when the Aggies went to a man-to-man, Bill Green got away for 27 points to lead Colorado State to a 67-60 win.

Stanford, 7-3 with two games to go, had a sure tie in the Big Six after edging USC 60-58. UCLA (5-5) was still hopeful, however. The Bruins hurt their cause seriously by losing to USC 62-60, but then came back to beat Washington 80-52. In the West Coast AC three teams—San Francisco, Santa Clara and St. Mary's—were all still in contention.

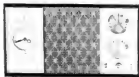
Oregon State and Seattle, who meet in the NCAA tournament March 11, kept winning. The Beavers defeated Washington State twice, 79-56 and 74-65; Seattle outscored Portland 69-61 and Oregon 78-71. Idaho ran its record to 20-4, beating Gonzaga 87-81 and Montana State 106-79. The top three:

1. COLORADO STATE (20-1)
2. STANFORD (14-0)
3. SEATTLE (20-0)

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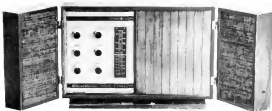
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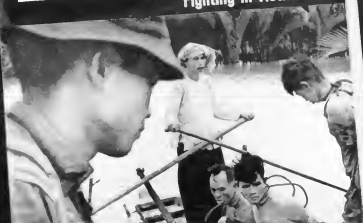


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## FEUD FOR THOUGHT

Sirs:

I would like to complement William Leggett on his fine article, *They Want at Each Other—Bad* (Feb. 25). It brought out the tremendous rivalry between the greatest pro ball club (Celtics) and its lever adversary (Lakers). Like the Cooz said, "Just wait." Home court advantage against them or no, the Boston Celtics will still be the world champions.

GERRY ROBERTSON

New Bedford, Mass.

Sirs:

What has happened to the other teams in the NBA besides Boston and L.A.? Have they shriveled up and died? From your article it would appear so. Although Mr. Leggett wrote a stirring fiction story, I can hardly imagine all those things actually happening except in the movies.

For instance, taking nothing away from Jerry West, he's hardly the best defensive backcourt man in the league. Rebounding isn't all there is to defense, and West isn't the best rebounder anyway. Oscar Robertson has over 300 more, but Mr. Leggett probably doesn't even know who Robertson is, because he wasn't assigned to a Cincy game. Secondly, although Cousy is one of the best backcourt men in the league, the sad fact is that he is no longer as great as he was and it's about time someone admitted it. Of course, fact never seems to bother Mr. Leggett. There's still a chance for either of the two teams to get knocked off in the playoffs, and the "match of the century" may never come off. If so, you guys on *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* are going to look pretty sick. It won't be the first time, nor the last.

ELLIOT SILVERSTEIN

De Witt, N.Y.

Sirs:

According to the figures put out by the NBA in 1962, West had 591 rebounds, and Oscar Robertson, the best all-around player in the NBA, had 955. Mr. Leggett should check records before delving into fanatics. Jerry West isn't enough of a basketball player to carry Robertson's traveling bug.

ALVIN SANDROCK

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Mr. Leggett claims that Celtic Satch Sanders is "erratic." After 42 games this season Sanders has hit better than 45% of his shots, grabbed 305 rebounds (more than Hemmison, who is taller) and handed 57 assists (best for Celtic forwards except Havlicek,

who also plays guard). Satch also guards superstars like a tiger; ask Baylor, Arizin, Twyman, et al.

BURT E. WALSH

Knoxville, Tenn.

## WHIZZER'S BROTHER

Sirs:

I have been attempting to write you about your fine article on Associate Justice Whizzer White (*A Modest All-America*, Dec. 10). Many of us here at the Lovelace Foundation have known Whizzer well and read it with real pleasure and interest. We are especially interested because Whizzer's brother Sam, who is referred to in the article, has been director of research at the foundation for the last 15 years and is an international authority on effects of atomic blast.

W. RANDOLPH LOVELACE II, M.D.

Albuquerque



DR. CLAYTON S. (SAM) WHITE

## FIVE AND TEN

Sirs:

Last year you had to retract your predictions and philosophies about Ohio State's basketball team and admit that Cincinnati was "No. 1, No. 1, No. 1." The clue to your mistake was quite simple. You were right in assuming that Ohio State's so-called "Fabulous Five" was tops on a manpower basis, but you overlooked the fact that Coach Taylor couldn't get the most out of them. Cincinnati's Ed Jucker simply outcoached Taylor, came up with a slick bunch of ball handlers and, unlike State, the Benacats did not get rattled; in fact, their coolness and calmness were their main assets.

Another thing, you neglected to consider that the Big Ten, as a basketball league, is highly overrated. The Bucks were not used to playing top teams. This year, for instance, the Big Ten is miserably weak. Ohio State,

with a most mediocre team, is vying for first solely because opposition within the league is pitifully weak. State's Gary Bradds, not a bad ballplayer, a real hustler, but most awkward and without any class, makes points because there isn't even one Terry Dischinger, one Walt Bellamy or any top player to stop him.

The Big Ten is tops on the gridiron, but its basketball leaves much to be desired.

GEORGE MACKAY

Sharon, Pa.

● For *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s 1963 NCAA predictions, see page 24.—ED.

## REFLECTIONS

Sirs:

Voices of dissent such as you raise in *The Egg and the Ner* (Feb. 18) are frequently heard these days over the policies of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, its handling of our Davis Cup team, its stand on the open tennis question, etc. And almost always the loudest cries come from non-USLTA members.

Many USLTA members would agree wholeheartedly with several of your criticisms of their organization. You could have noted in your article that although the vote at the USLTA's annual meeting in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. was 44,766 against open tennis—36,481 votes were cast for it! The decisions of the USLTA have always reflected, and will always reflect, the wishes of the majority of its members.

VICTOR C. TANNHILL

President, Northern Indiana Tennis Association

Fort Wayne, Ind.

● Except, of course, where that reflection is distorted by the wishes of local and sectional leaders who fail to canvass their membership.—ED.

## SPOTLESS GEMMY?

Sirs:

My, Whitney Tower is really sold on Candy Spots and Never Bend (*A Good Colt It Hard to Find*, Feb. 18). I don't recall Mr. Tower ever having written with greater conviction. He seems to feel that those two colts, only one having won around two turns, will make a shambles of the Kentucky Derby at a mile and a quarter. (Never Bend had two faces around two turns, losing one, and Candy Spots had but three starts, all sprints.) Moreover, this supposed runaway is to occur on the first Saturday in May, yet neither has begun his sophomore campaign. What your Mr. Tower says may be entirely

continued

2



1. Red Lever, only player besides Don Budge to win "grand slam" of tennis—Australian, French, U.S. and Wimbledon men's singles championships—beams for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED photographer and displays U.S. trophy after his 1962 victory.

2. Greek Amphora (c. 510 B.C.), art treasure owned by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, is given annually in replica to the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Sportsman of the Year to recognize the achievement of that degree of excellence expressed in the ancient Greek concept of *arete*, a unity of mind and body to which the complete man of every age must aspire. First won in 1954 by Roger Bannister, in 1962 it went to Terry Baker.

3. Vanity Challenge Cup, donated in 1898 by Louis L. Swann of Cornell, for Intercollegiate Rowing Association eight-oared shells, has been won 20 times in 60 regattas by its current holder, Cornell.

4. Walker Cup, donated in 1921 by George H. Walker, is the prize for competition between U.S. and British men's amateur golf teams. Currently held by the U.S., it has been won once by Great Britain in 16 matches.

5. The America's Cup, called the Hundred Guinea Cup when the schooner America won it in a race against British yachts off Cowes, England in 1851, was donated to the New York Yacht Club by America's owners and became the symbol of world yachting supremacy. Since then it has been successfully defended against 16 challenges, the latest by Australia in 1962.



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#### 19TH HOLE (continued)

possible, for it is not the possibility but the probability that I am refuting. Until these two "whirlwinds" can prove themselves in the pre-Derby classics, I cannot believe either will win the Derby.

**RICHARD HEATHER**

Valley Stream, N.Y.

#### OLYMPIC DEBT

Sirs,

As Olympic time draws near, my blood pressure begins to go up whenever the sports pages of our newspapers inform the sportsmen of this richest country of the world that the United States Olympic team is again having difficulty financing its participation.

Since the Federal Government cannot technically underwrite the financing of the Olympic team, why cannot all sports organizations throughout the nation, amateur and professional, set aside one-tenth of 1% of the gate receipts from each sports event, said sum to be forwarded to an Olympic Fund, administered by a group designated by the President of the United States or the Attorney General or some other person or persons respected by the sportsmen of this nation?

Every sports fan in this country would feel he personally helped in the success or failure of our Olympic team every time he purchased a ticket to see a sports event.

**JOSEPH KILKIS**

The Bronx, N.Y.

#### SMALL CRAFT WARNING

Sirs,

Thank you for publishing my letter in the 19TH HOLE (Feb. 25), thus giving our Bethesda Institute of Interior Decoration's fine basketball team some well-deserved publicity. I guess you New York sportswriters aren't too bad after all.

For those of your readers who follow the fortunes of our team I have some disastrous news to report. Our great 4-foot 9-inch center, Jumpin' Jim Filkinn, has been lost for the remainder of the season. In fact, he probably won't return to school in time to resume his usual spot as our track team's No. 1 high jumper. He has been hospitalized with a severe case of overexposure.

Jim decided to participate in the hiking craze, but unfortunately he had misunderstood the requirements to be 20 miles in 90 hours. He completed the first 19 miles in six hours and 12 minutes, then noticed that he was way, way ahead of schedule. Being the grand sportsman that he is, and not wanting to cut corners in any way, he sat down at roadside for the next 43 hours, planning to then complete his hike. As you people there in New York may know, we've had a very bad winter here in Bethesda.

**WILLIAM C. BLACHE**

Bethesda, Md.



## Fun Behind the Lines

**Civil War soldiers relaxed between battles with a variety of makeshift games and sports**

by MARY A. HANCOCK

*Let the wide world sing as it will,  
We'll be gay and happy still.*

This Civil War campfire song was a favorite of both Union and Confederate troops, and in the lusty flavor of their sports the Yanks and Johnny Rebs made honest words of the somewhat ludicrous refrain. Most of their between-battle diversions had antebellum roots, and a few—the more delightfully zany ones—grew out of camp life itself; but nearly all straddled the Mason-Dixon line, with rabid enthusiasts among Blue and Gray alike.

Baseball, still in an experimental stage in 1861–65, was a popular competitive sport, North and South. "The ball was soft and a great bouncer," wrote a Yankee trooper of a camp game. "To put a base runner out, he had to be hit by the ball thrown by the pitcher." Attesting to the fact that the ball was not always soft, another Yank player commented dolefully, "We get fumed badly." And a Texan Confederate reported the suspension of a star pitcher for overaggressiveness. "He could throw harder and straighter than any man in the company," wrote the Texan in his diary. "He came very near knocking the stuffing out of three or four of the boys, and the boys swore they would not play with him."

Baseball equipment was often makeshift. Fence rails, boards or tree limbs served as bats, and anything spherical—a yarn-wrapped walnut, for example—made an adequate baseball. The players sometimes ran only two bases, but the regulation four was more common.

In cold weather the monotony of winter quarters was relieved by gigantic snowball fights, with thousands of men joining in the frolics. Fighting in regulation lines of battle and armed with haversacks full of hard-packed snowballs, entire camps were often swept into a monster melee of charges, countercharges, prison-

er-of-war captures, mass surrenders and, occasionally, casualties.

One such battle, fought in the camp of General Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, involved five brigades, and when the colonel of a surrounded Virginia regiment refused to surrender to the victorious Georgia regiment, a participant in the battle reported this small lapse in respect for rank. "He [the colonel] was pitched head foremost into a snow bank, and two Georgians sat on him until he cried enough and yielded himself prisoner of war," wrote Alexander Hunter, 17th Virginia Regiment, C.S.A. In another Confederate snowball battle the dashing Jeb Stuart was pelted unmercifully when Hood's division tangled with McLaws' division and caught the cavalry command in the middle.

A snowball engagement in a Yankee winter encampment pitted a Vermont regiment against a New Jersey regiment, with each unit led by line officers. Bugles tooted and battle flags flapped, and the mock battle ended with the Vermonters as winners.

### Chasing cottontails

The sight of a running rabbit apparently was irresistible to both the Blue and the Gray troops. A cottontail speed in camp or on the march invariably stampeded entire camps or columns into a wild, whooping chase. The observant Alexander Hunter wrote: "A strange characteristic of this southern army was their insane desire to run a hare. The cry 'Old hare! Old hare!' would set a camp in a blaze, and soldiers would drop everything to join in the pursuit. Just so many thousand men after one little animal."

Even the Confederacy's crack, nondisciplined Second Brigade of Stonewall Jackson's old division once succumbed to hare-chasing fever while lying in the line of battle. The soldiers had been ordered into complete silence in the hope of making a surprise attack on the Yanks. A rabbit suddenly bolted along the battle line and, after a number of futile attempts by soldiers all along the line, was finally snared by a lightning-handed Reb. The cheers that shook the thickets



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## Fun Behind the Lines *continued*

negated any chance of a surprise attack.

Cockfighting also was a popular pastime on all fronts. During the siege of Atlanta, the rear of the Confederate entrenchments had an elaborate pit with seats and benches arranged for the spectators. One gamecock that fought and died in this pit suffered the most ominous of fates for a Rebel rooster. A Union cavalry raid interrupted the day's cockfighting, and the dead gamecock was confiscated for a Yankee meal.

An enterprising young soldier of General Lee's infantry trained his gamecock to perch on his shoulder during a march and to sally forth to do battle with the head rooster of any convenient farmyard flock. He provided the trooper with many a stew.

### Anything for a bet

Horse racing—often for high stakes—was a big sport among the cavalry divisions. The ingenious infantry, however, satisfied its hunger for betting by co-opting the likelihood of the ever present louse population for racing and fighting contests. In a regulation louse fight, two gladiators were placed within a small circle drawn on a flat surface, and the pugna-tious dispositions of the lice usually guaranteed a duel to the death. The track for louse races was often a small piece of cloth, and the first insect to crawl over the edge was declared the stakes winner. In another version, each entry raced from the center of its own tin plate. One Confederate soldier, who limited his louse to tin-plate races, cleaned out a Mississippi encampment of large amounts of stakes money. The reason for the champion louse's unusual speed was eventually found out. The soldier had hopped up his entry by heating his plate before each race.

Football, cricket, wrestling, footraces, boxing, leapfrog and shooting matches were other diversions reported by diarists and letter writers of both armies. Tengen games were improvised by rolling cannonballs at makeshift pins or at holes in the ground, and hunting and fishing expeditions often augmented skimpy rations. Occasionally the war was put aside entirely and soldiers from both sides joined each other for some friendly sport. One such incident saw Yank and Rebel picket guards stationed on opposite banks of Virginia's Chickahominy River declare an unofficial truce and put in an amiable day of interarmy fishing. **END**

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